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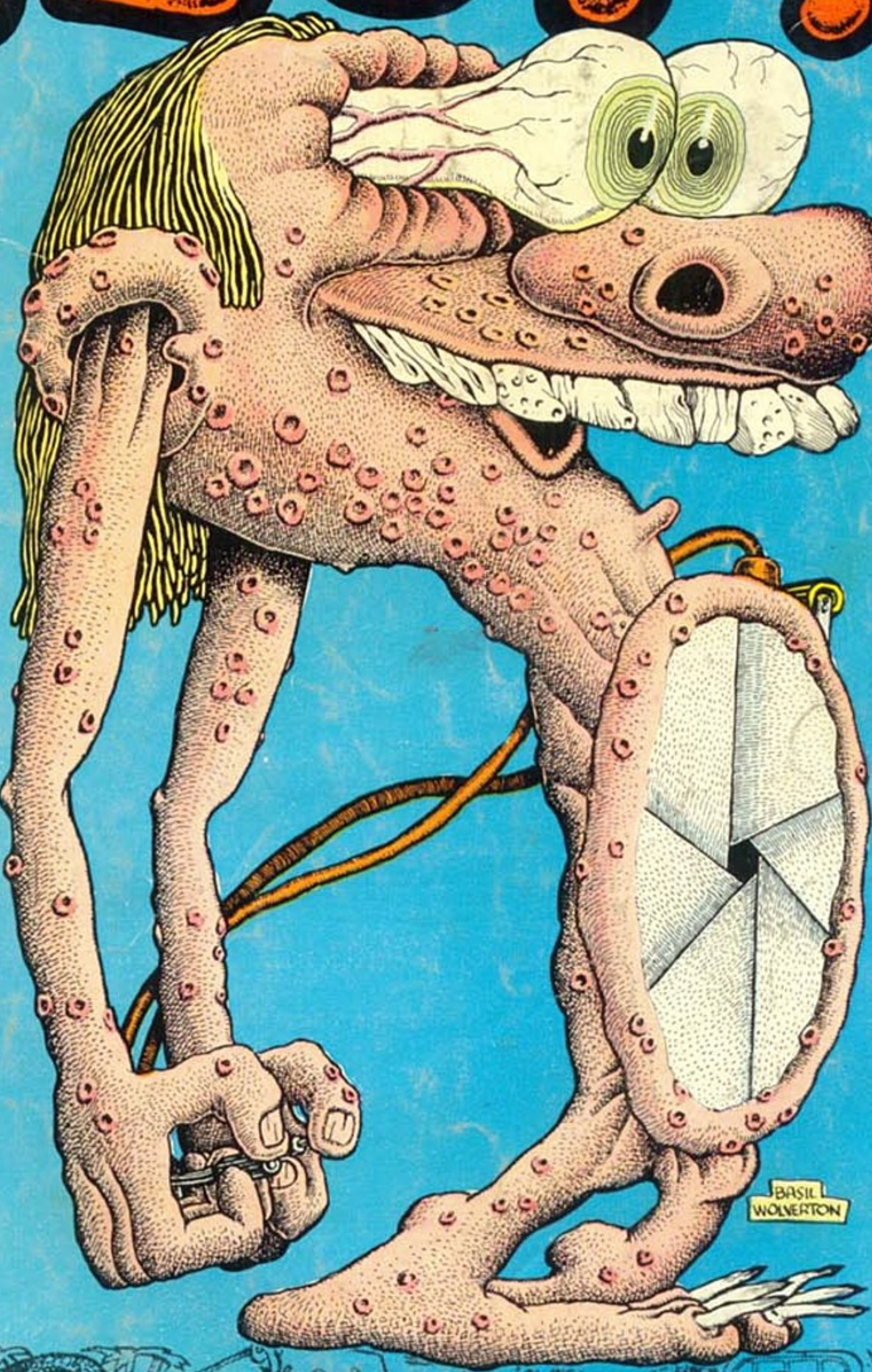

BILLY BUTTIN, the man with the world's most celebrated navel. His **belly button** comes equipped with a 100-inch Mt. Wilson Observatory-lens. He is a famous freelance photographer-spy who has worked the Democratic National Conventions, college riots, and Washington marches.

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PLOP!

ZA-438

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proudly present

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YOU--YOU'RE *KING ARTHUR!*

HEY, LOOK, FELLAS! IT'S THE FAMOUS KING ARTHUR!

PROFESSOR SAVIN GOOFED AGAIN! WE'RE NOT IN THE FUTURE-- WE'RE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT!

HOW ABOUT THAT!

HEY, LOOK WHO ELSE IS HERE-- *MERLIN*, THE FAMOUS MYSTIC! THE BIG DADDY OF ALL MAGICIANS!

SLAP!

WOW! MAYBE HE'LL TEACH ME SOME NEW ALCHEMY TRICKS!

...OR, RATHER, SOME *OLD* ALCHEMY TRICKS!

THIS IS INDEED YOUR LUCKY DAY, ART, OLD KING! WE'RE STORY-TELLERS, AND WE'LL AMUSE YOU BETTER THAN ANY JESTER! SO SIT BACK AND LISTEN--

YOU TOO, MERLIN! OUR STORIES ARE GONNA GRAB YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU LIVE!

♪ LET US ENTERTAIN YOU!

THEY SURE ARE-EST A *PUSHY* LOT, AREN'T THEY? OH, WELL, I GUESS WE MIGHT AS WELL LISTEN TO THEM!

HI THERE, SIR LANCELOT--GLAD TO MEET YOU!

HELLO, HANDSOME!

YOU MUST BE SIR GAWAIN!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! ENOUGH FRATERNIZING! IF THOU ARE GOING TO TELL STORIES, THEN TELL THEM! THE FESTIVITIES MUST CONTINUE!

RIGHT YOU ARE, KINGY! I'LL START! NOW, HOLD ONTO YOUR CROWN, OLD BOY! THIS STORY'S REALLY GONNA BOWL YOU OVER!

III

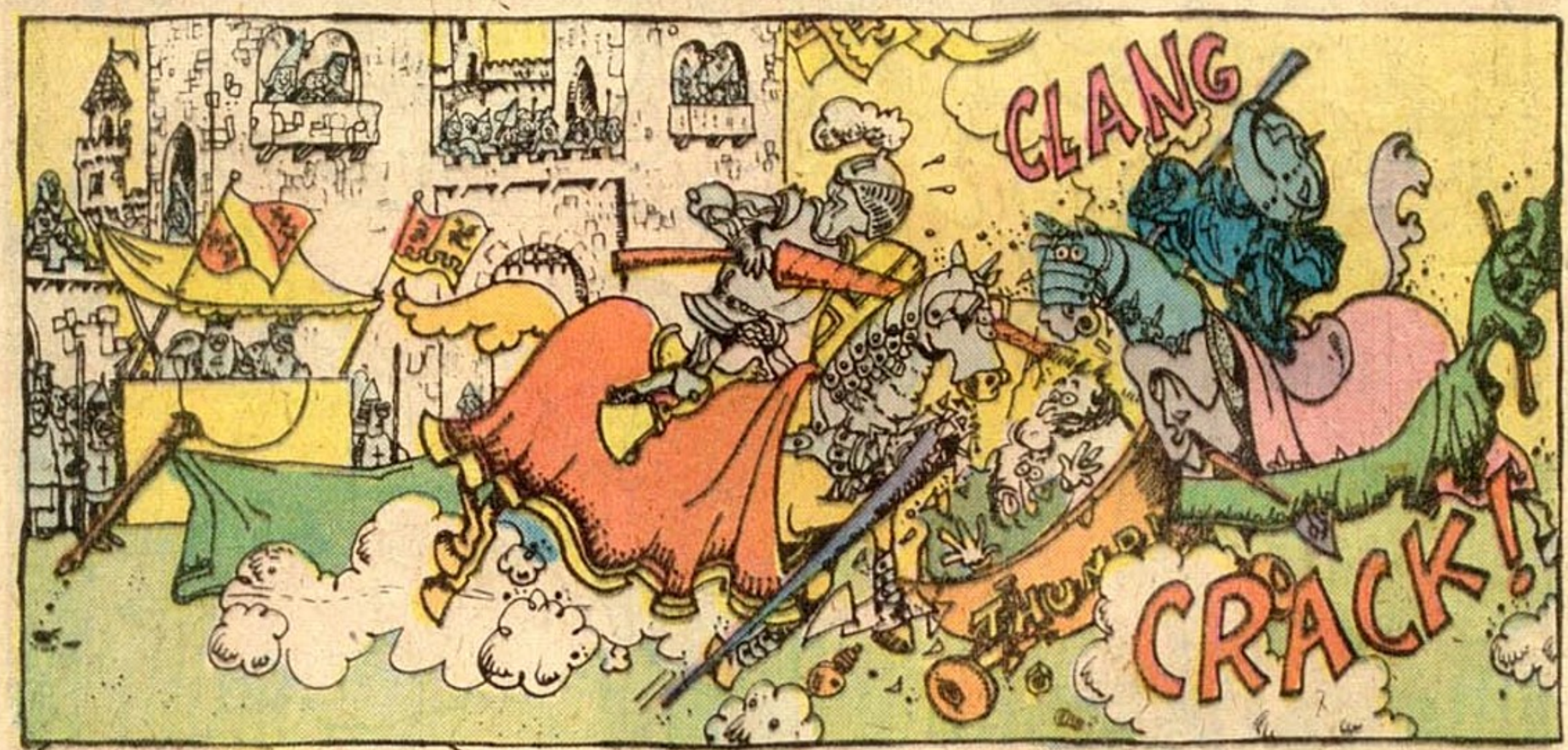
SCRIPT: DAVID MICHELINIE * SCRIPT CONTINUITY: RUSSELL CARLEY * ART: RAMONA FRADON

THIS TIME YOU'LL END UP IN THE FUTURE FOR SURE! I ASSURE YOU! BON VOYAGE!
ZAP!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!
HEY, EVE! PASS THOSE AIR-SICKNESS PILLS!
WEEEEEE

WHEW! WE'VE FINALLY STOPPED! NOW, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE FABULOUS FUTURE!

OOP!


CLANG
CRACK!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF TARNATION BE THAT CRAZY SPHEROID? AND WHERE DID'EST IT COME FROM?

HARK, MERLIN, IF THIS BE ANOTHER OF THY FOOLISH TRICKS, I'LL--
NAY, SIRE! HONEST, THIS BE NONE OF MY DOING! I AM' EST AS BAFFLED AS THEE!

EEEE
VAR
ROOM

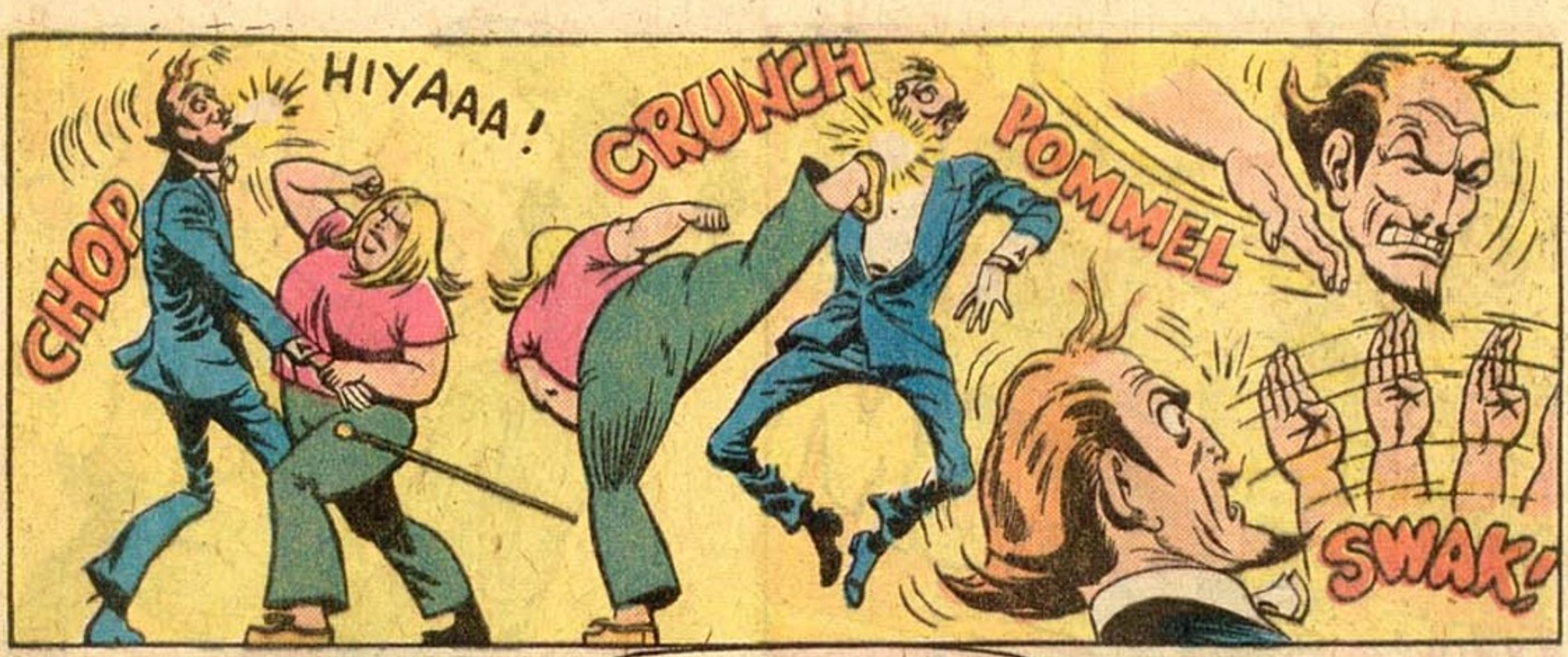
PLOP!

OOOH... DID I SAY FRIENDLY?
AH, WELL, NO MATTER.
IT WILL DO ME GOOD TO HOOF IT FOR A CHANGE!

HMM. THIS PAMPHLET SAYS THERE'S A NICE MUSEUM ON BEECHER STREET. THAT SOUNDS RELAXING. I'LL JUST ASK ONE OF THE LOCALS HOW TO GET THERE.

UH, PARDON ME, MADAM... COULD YOU...
EEEEK!
MASHER
PERVERT!
DEGENERATE!

B-BUT, MADAM, I- I WAS MERELY...
YOU CHAUVINIST PIGS ARE ALL ALIKE! YOU SEE A PRETTY GIRL ALL BY HERSELF AND SUDDENLY IT'S CONQUEST TIME!
WELL, MY FEM LIB CLUB SHOWED ME HOW TO HANDLE YOUR TYPE, BUSTER!


CHOP
HIYAAA!
CRUNCH
POMMEL
SWAK!

UUUUUUU
IT'S GETTIN' SO'S A LADY OF BREEDIN' AIN'T EVEN SAFE ON THE STREETS NO MORE!

M-MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GET A NICE HOTEL ROOM SOME-PLACE. ONE WITH A POOL, COLOR TV, TRACTION BED...
HUH?

TCH, TCH. WHAT IS DIS CITY COMIN' TO?
I DUNNO, ED! IF IT AIN'T WHOOPEES CARRYIN' PROTEST SIGNS...
...IT'S WINOS SLEEPIN' IN DA STREETS!
B-BUT, OFFICER, I CAN EXPLAIN! IF YOU'LL JUST HELP ME UP--

HA! YOU SAW HIM! HE TRIED TO ATTACK ME!
WHACK!
CIVILIAN BRUTALITY!
WHACK!
WHACK!

DISGUSTIN', AIN'T IT? THE WAY PEOPLE THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHIN' THESE DAYS!
YEAH, IT'S A BRUTAL WORLD, ED, BRUTAL!
OOOOOOOOHH

AND TO THINK; MOAN; ALL I WANTED WAS A LITTLE PEACE--
SOME QUIET.
MAYBE A LITTLE MAHJONG...
UH, PARDON ME, KIND SIR...

AH, A FRIENDLY VOICE AT LAST! YES, DEAR LADY, MAY I BE OF SERVICE?

WELL, UH, SIR, YOU SEE, UH...

... I'M COLLECTING FOR THE HOME FOR RETIRED OCARINA PLAYERS A-AND...

I-I'M DREADFULLY SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT I'M AFRAID I DON'T HAVE YOUR LOCAL CURRENCY!

LOCAL CURRENCY?

YOU TRYIN' TO HAND ME A *LINE*, FELLA? WHATSA MATTER? YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST OCARINAS?

MUSIC HATER!

WHY, YOU CHEAPSKATE!

DEFILER OF THE ARTS!

WHAM!

WHACK! WHAM!

BUT-BUT...

HMPH! SOME PEOPLE JUST HAVE NO *COMPASSION*!

UNNGGH

THIS IS A *VACATION*? I'D GET MORE REST AND RELAXATION FROM TWO WEEKS IN AN *ELECTRIC CHAIR*!

OUCH

M-MAYBE I'D BETTER JUST...

HEY, LOOK OUT, GUY!

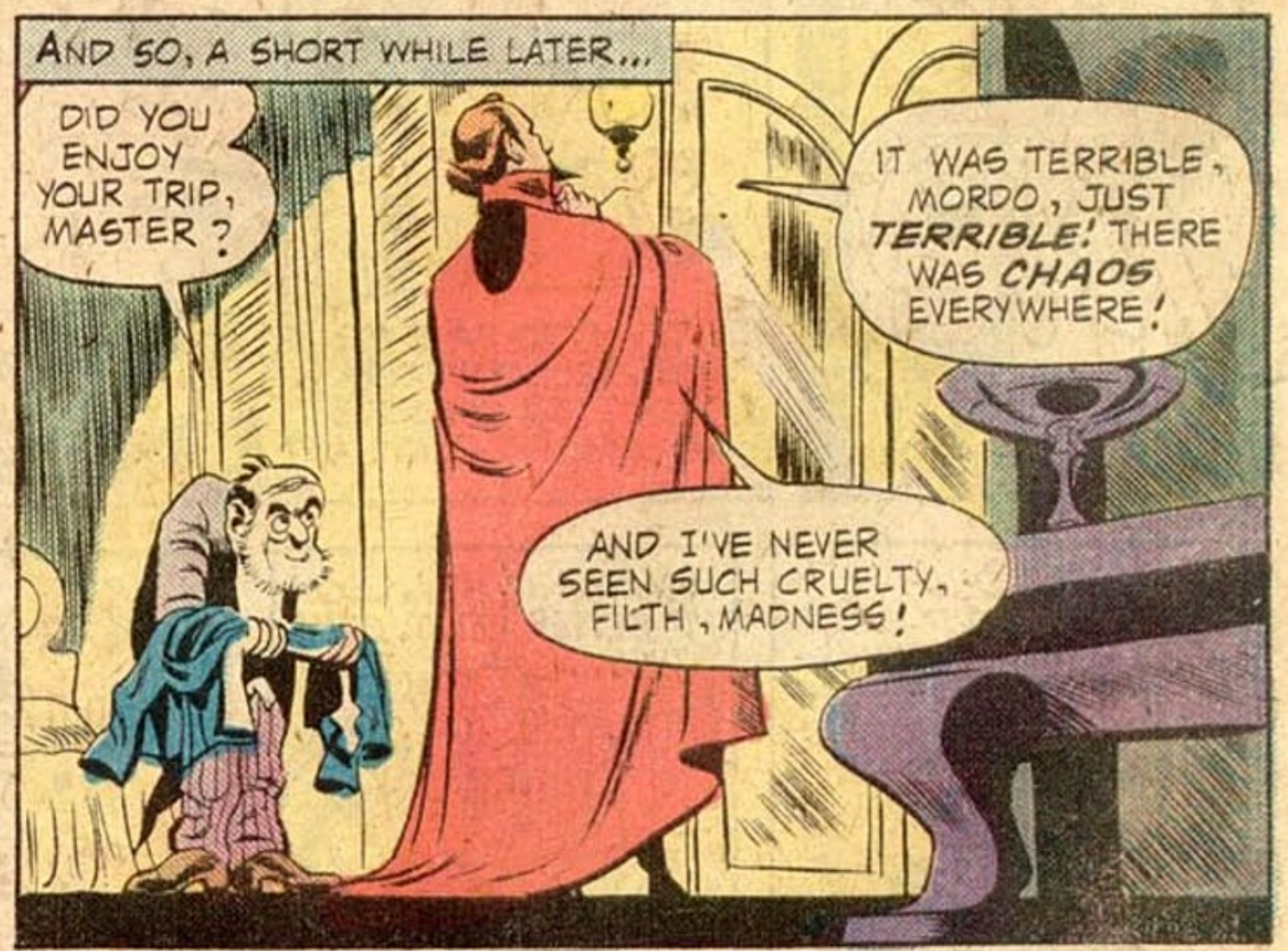
SALVATION ARMY

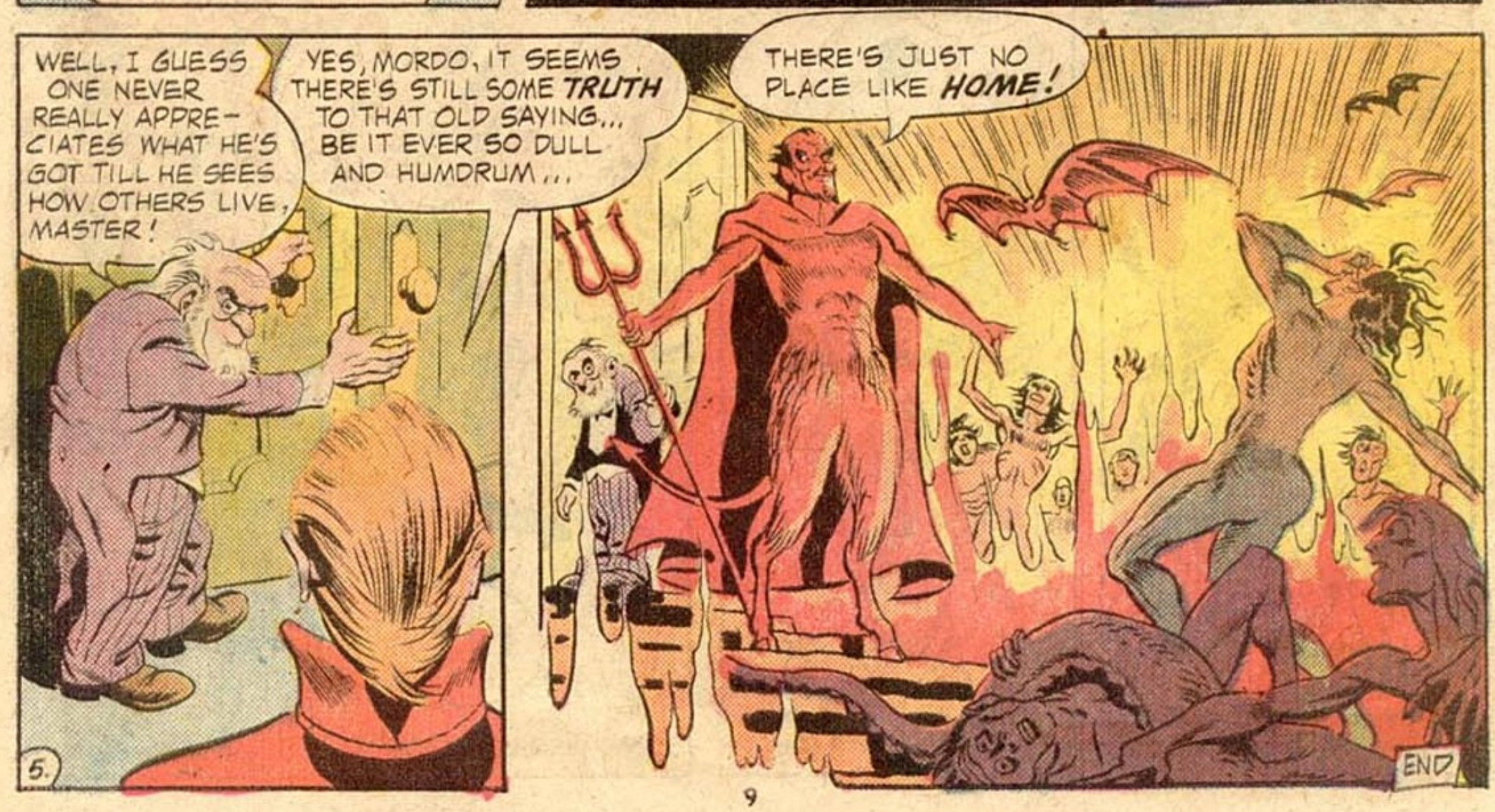
FOLLOW THE ARMY-Y-Y AND SAAAAVE YOUR SOUL!

!??

EEYAAAAA!
THERE'LL BE PIE IN THE SKY WHEN YOU DIIIIEEEE!

ARRGH!
THAT'S THE LAST STRAW!
I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS MADHOUSE! I'VE GOT TO GET HOME! HOME! HOME!


AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER...
DID YOU ENJOY YOUR TRIP, MASTER?
IT WAS TERRIBLE, MORDO, JUST TERRIBLE! THERE WAS CHAOS EVERYWHERE!
AND I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH CRUELTY, FILTH, MADNESS!


WELL, I GUESS ONE NEVER REALLY APPRECIATES WHAT HE'S GOT TILL HE SEES HOW OTHERS LIVE, MASTER!
YES, MORDO, IT SEEMS THERE'S STILL SOME TRUTH TO THAT OLD SAYING... BE IT EVER SO DULL AND HUMDRUM...
THERE'S JUST NO PLACE LIKE HOME!
5.
END

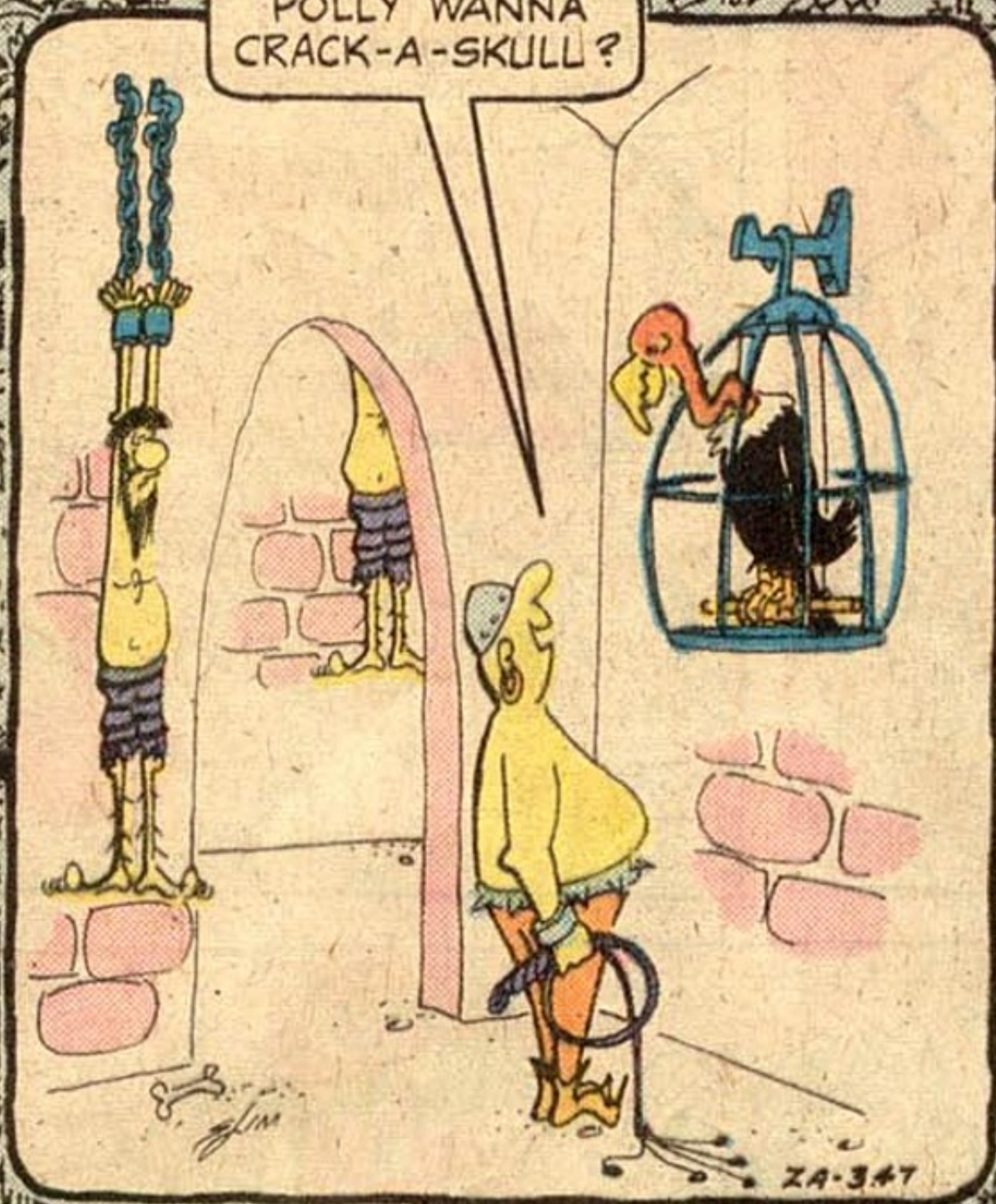
HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT LITTLE HEART-*WARMER*? NOW LET'S MOVE ON TO THE OTHER REALM FOR...

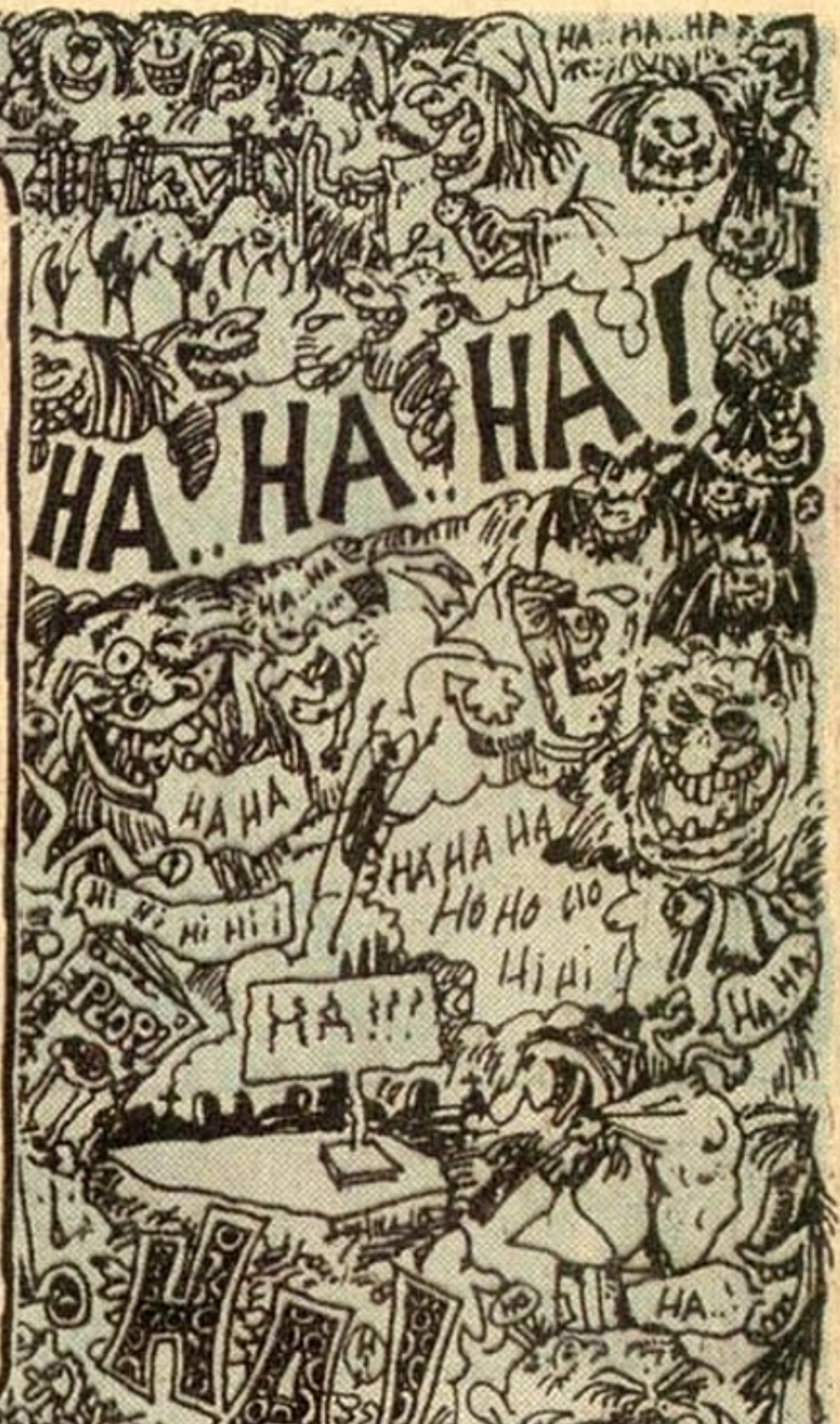
SUPER PLOPS!

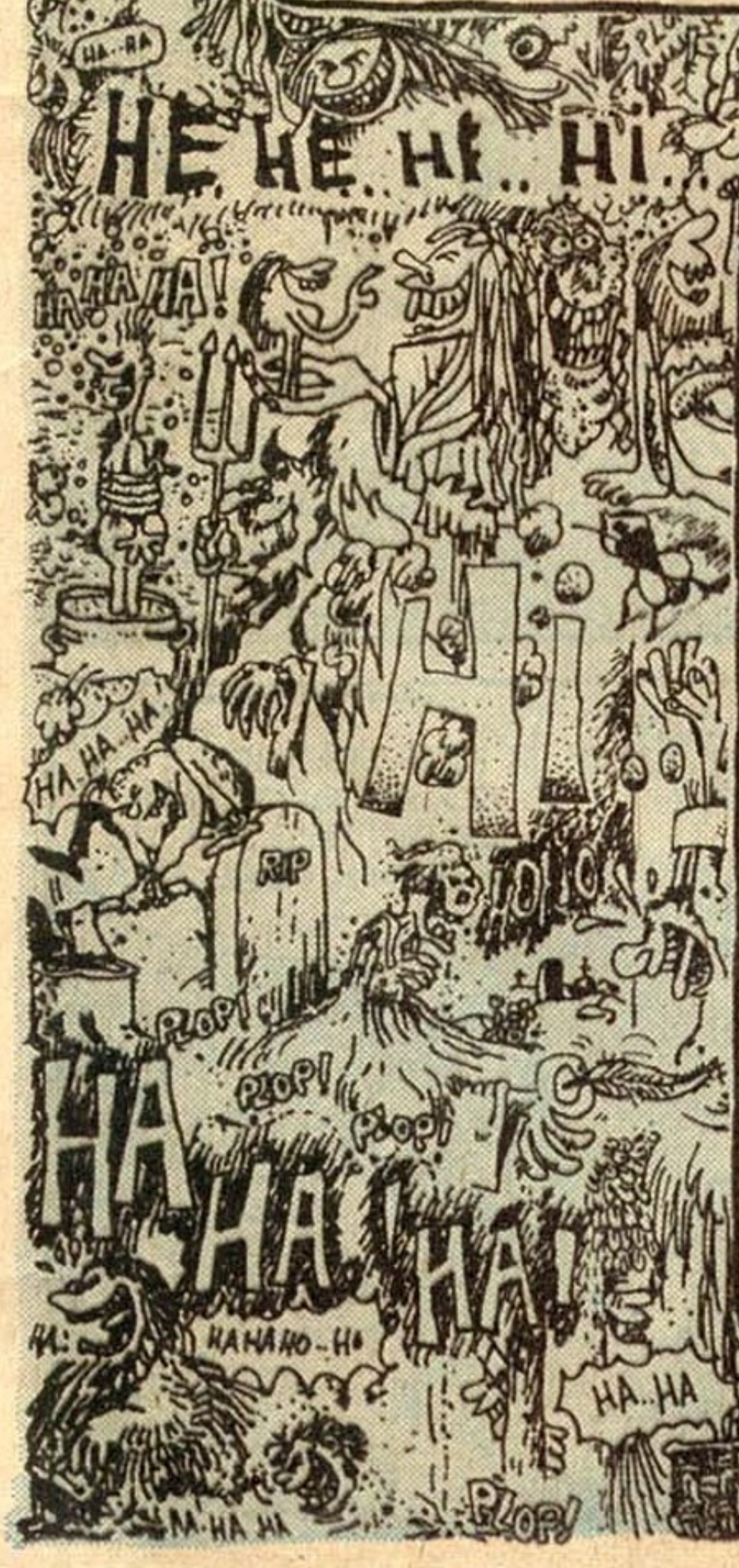
NEW GUY

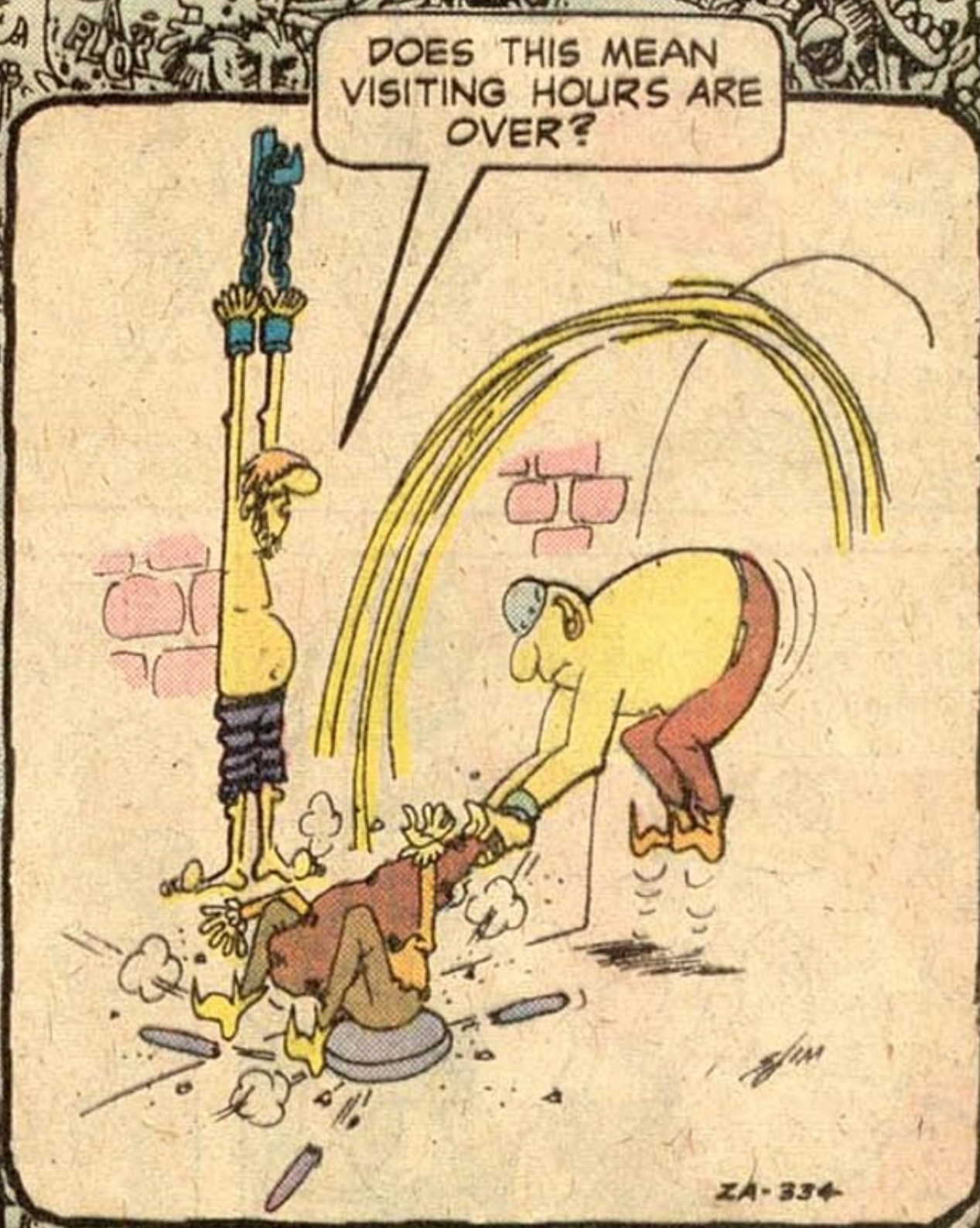
FOR ALL YOU KNIGHTS AND LADIES ON PAROLE FROM THE FUNNY FARM WE HAVE SOME NEW...

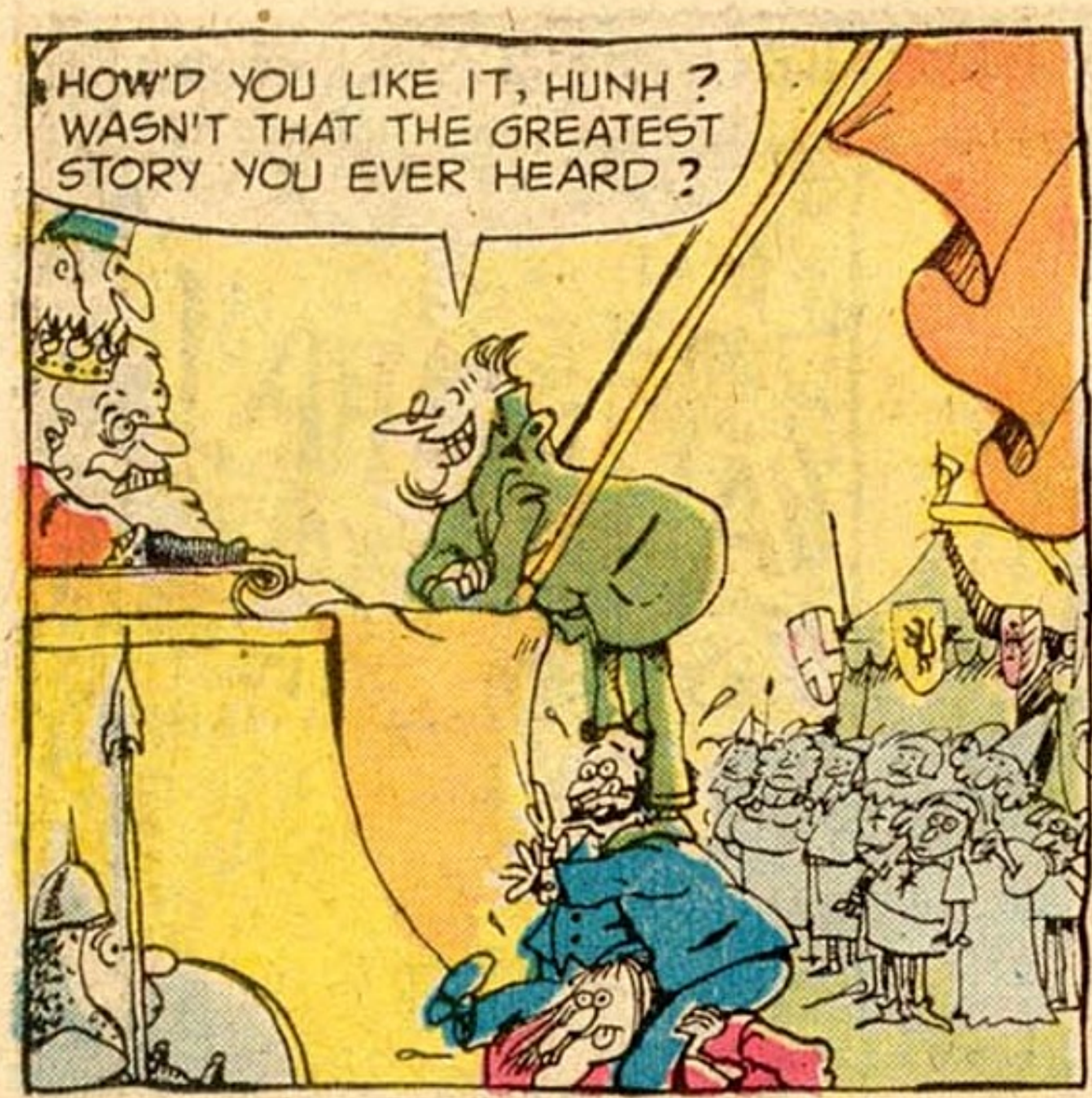
PRISON PLOPS


PLOP!
POLLY WANNA CRACK-A-SKULL?
ZA-347

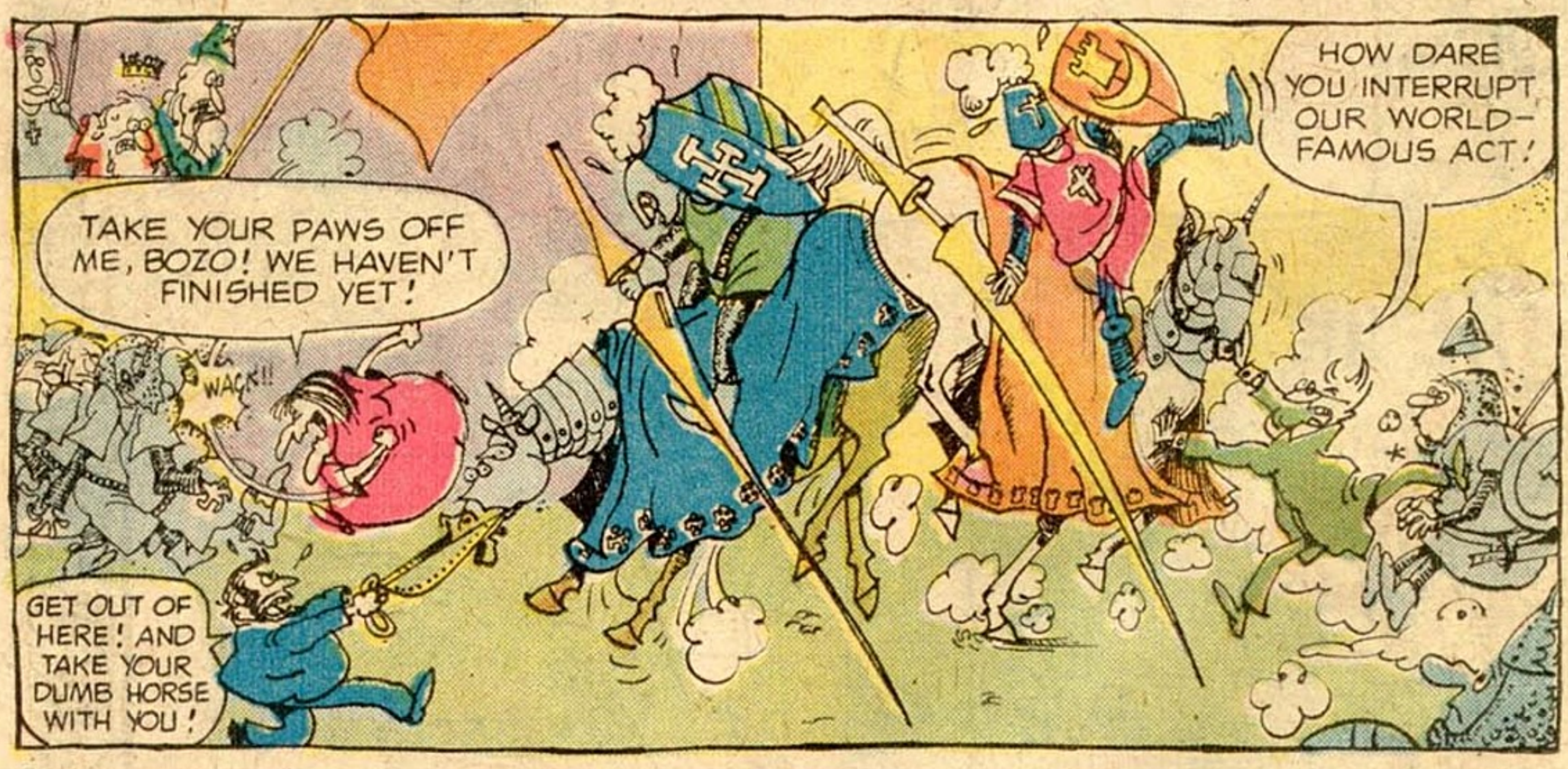

HA..HA..HA!
HA HA
HA HA HA
HO HO HO
HI HI
HA!!!
HA!!!


HE HE.. HI.. HI..
HA HA HA!
HA-HA-HA
RIP
PLOP!
PLOP!
PLOP!
HA HA HA!
HA-HA-HA-HO
HA..HA
PLOP!


DOES THIS MEAN VISITING HOURS ARE OVER?
ZA-334


HOW'D YOU LIKE IT, HUNH? WASN'T THAT THE GREATEST STORY YOU EVER HEARD?

YICK! THAT WAS-EST THE WORST EXCUSE FOR A STORY I'VE EVER HEARD! THROWEST THESE CLOWNS OUT AND CONTINUE THE JOUST!

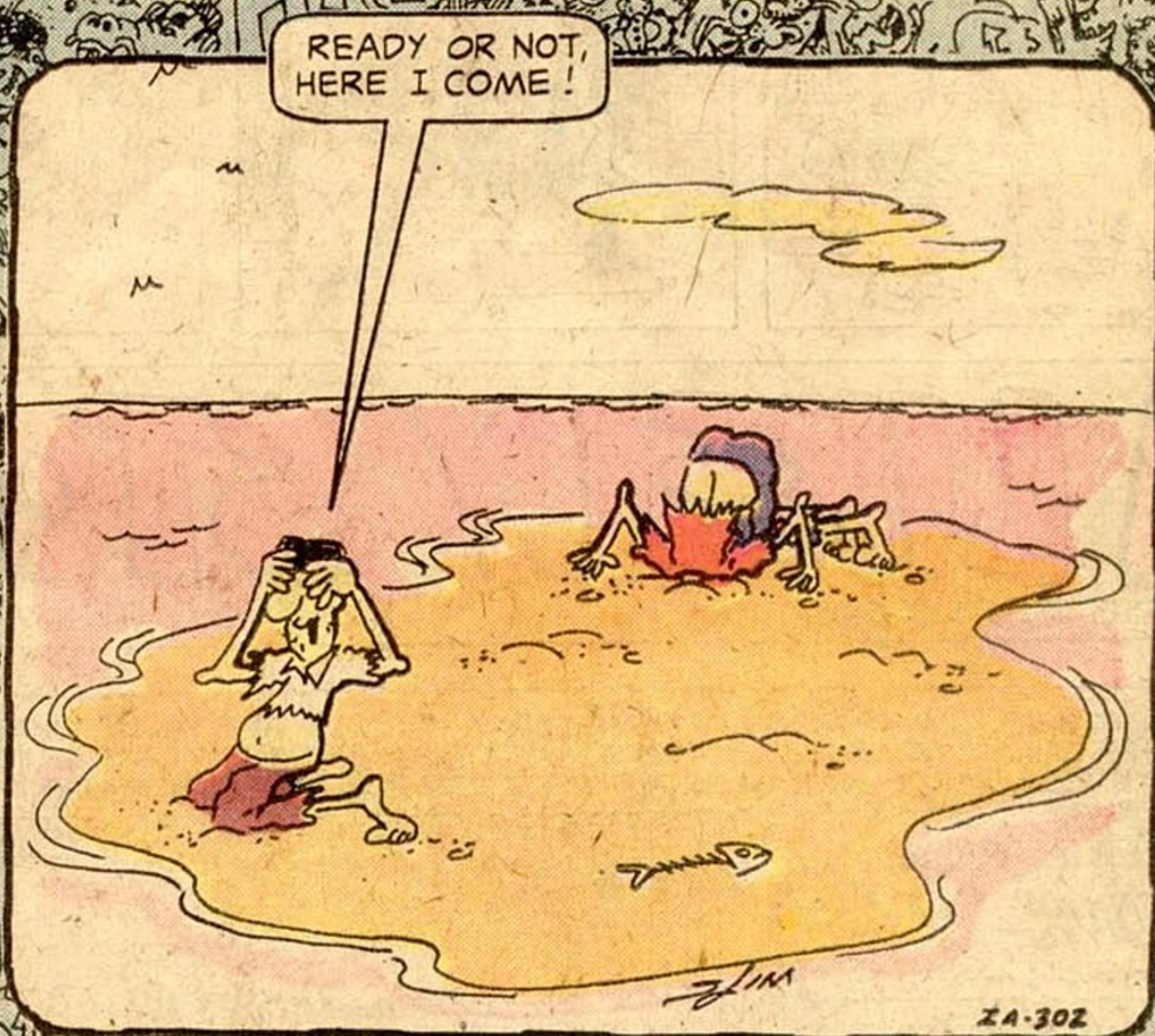

TAKE YOUR PAWS OFF ME, BOZO! WE HAVEN'T FINISHED YET!
WACK!!
GET OUT OF HERE! AND TAKE YOUR DUMB HORSE WITH YOU!
HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT OUR WORLD-FAMOUS ACT!

I'M THE KING. HOWCUM THEY WON'T DOEST WHAT I SAY? TELL ME I'M THE KING, MERLIN. I'M BEGINNING TO DOUBTEST IT!
ZA-419

SIRE, I DON'T BELIEVEST THEIR NERVE!
IT'S MY TURN! SO, SIT BACK AND RELAX! THIS STORY'S A PIP--A REAL PIP!
IV

FIRST, LET'S VISIT A FAR-OFF LAND WHERE I FEEL RIGHT AT HOME -- THE ...

ISLE OF PLOP!



"A LIKELY STORY"

WRITTEN BY STEVE SKEATES. DRAWN BY SERGIO ARAGONÉS.

ZA-41

COME WITH US NOW TO ELIOT HARLANSON'S FABULOUS ART VAULT, WHERE HE KEEPS ALL HIS FAVORITE OBJECTS OF ART AND OTHER PRECIOUS FACETS OF HIS RICH EXISTENCE... AND LISTEN IN ON A RATHER INTERESTING CONVERSATION ALREADY UNDERWAY...

LISTEN, COLE--I'M A VERY IMPORTANT RICH MAN AROUND HERE!

I'VE HEARD THAT "THE FANATIC" IS IN TOWN! I FIGURE HE MIGHT BE PLANNING TO STEAL THIS FANTASTIC DIAMOND OF MINE...

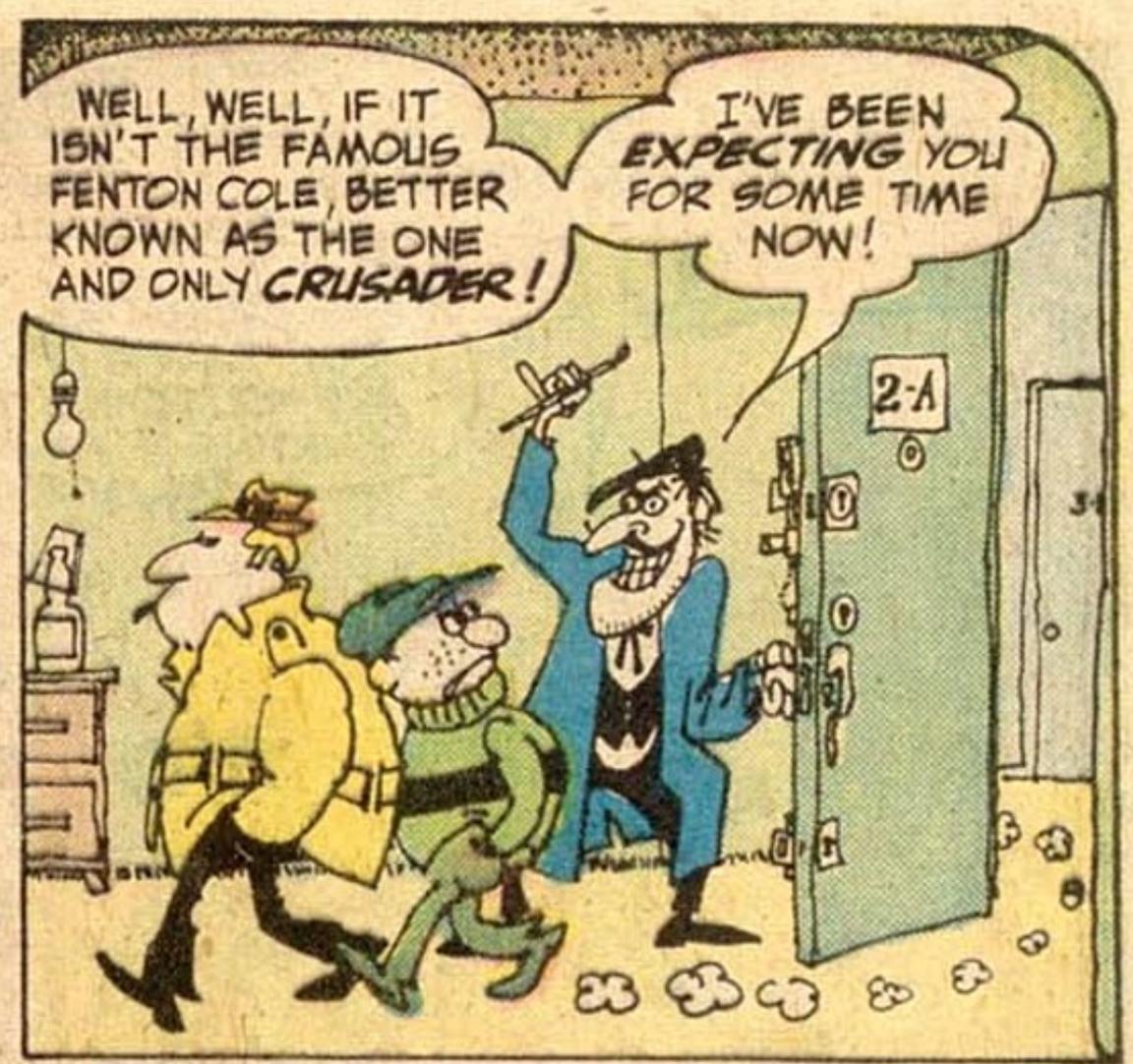
...ONE OF THE MOST PRECIOUS GEMS IN THE WORLD!

I WANT PROTECTION!

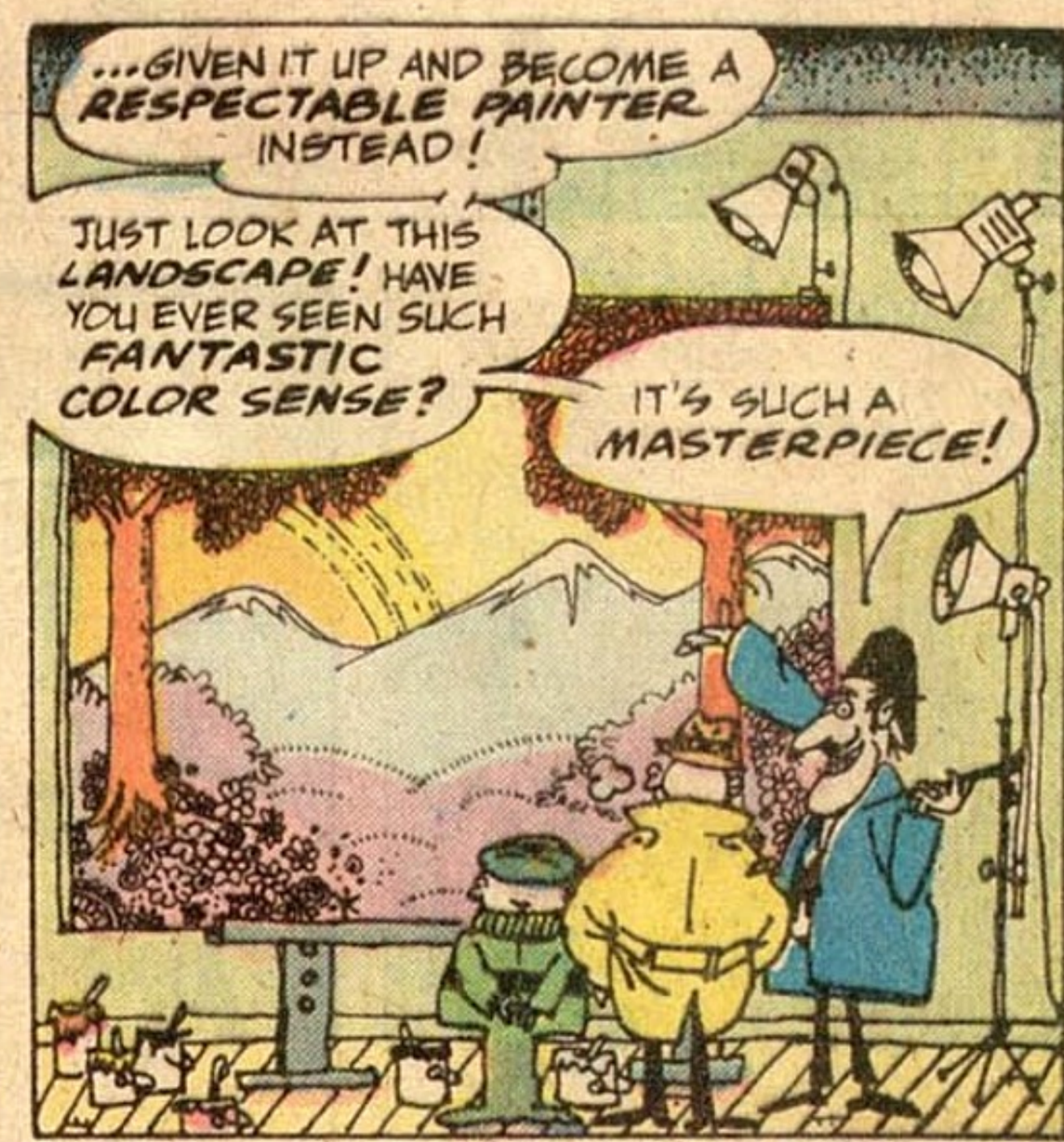
DON'T WORRY, ELIOT! I KNOW JUST HOW TO HANDLE MR. MAW!

REMEMBER THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS, WHEN GOOD-GUYS WERE REALLY GOOD, AND BAD-GUYS WERE MEAN, EVIL, AND DESPICABLE? WELL, WITH THIS STORY WE'RE BRINGING BACK THAT AGE, ALTHOUGH THE CONCEPT HAS TARNISHED A BIT. WE CALL IT THE BRASS AGE OF COMICS!

WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW, CRUSADER ? HUNH? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO PAY "THE FANATIC" A LITTLE VISIT!


WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE FAMOUS FENTON COLE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE ONE AND ONLY CRUSADER!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU FOR SOME TIME NOW!
2-A

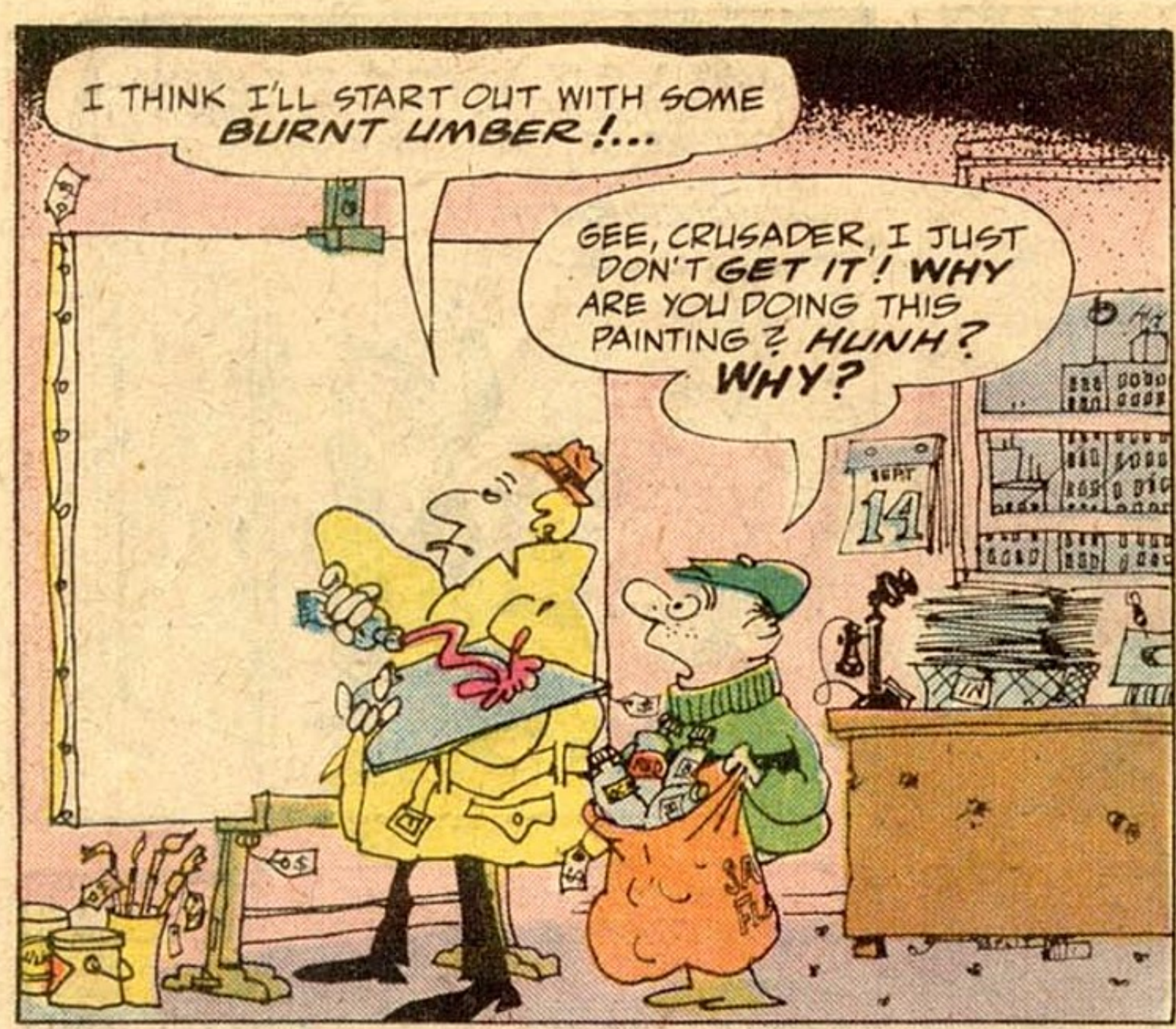
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE TO TELL ME NOT TO PULL ANY CLEVER CRIMES IN YOUR NICE LITTLE TOWN HERE!
WELL, YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH! I'VE GIVEN UP MY CRIME CAREER!


...GIVEN IT UP AND BECOME A RESPECTABLE PAINTER INSTEAD!
JUST LOOK AT THIS LANDSCAPE! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH FANTASTIC COLOR SENSE?
IT'S SUCH A MASTERPIECE!

YES...WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU'VE GONE STRAIGHT!
AND NOW, I GUESS WE'D BETTER BE LEAVING!
2-A

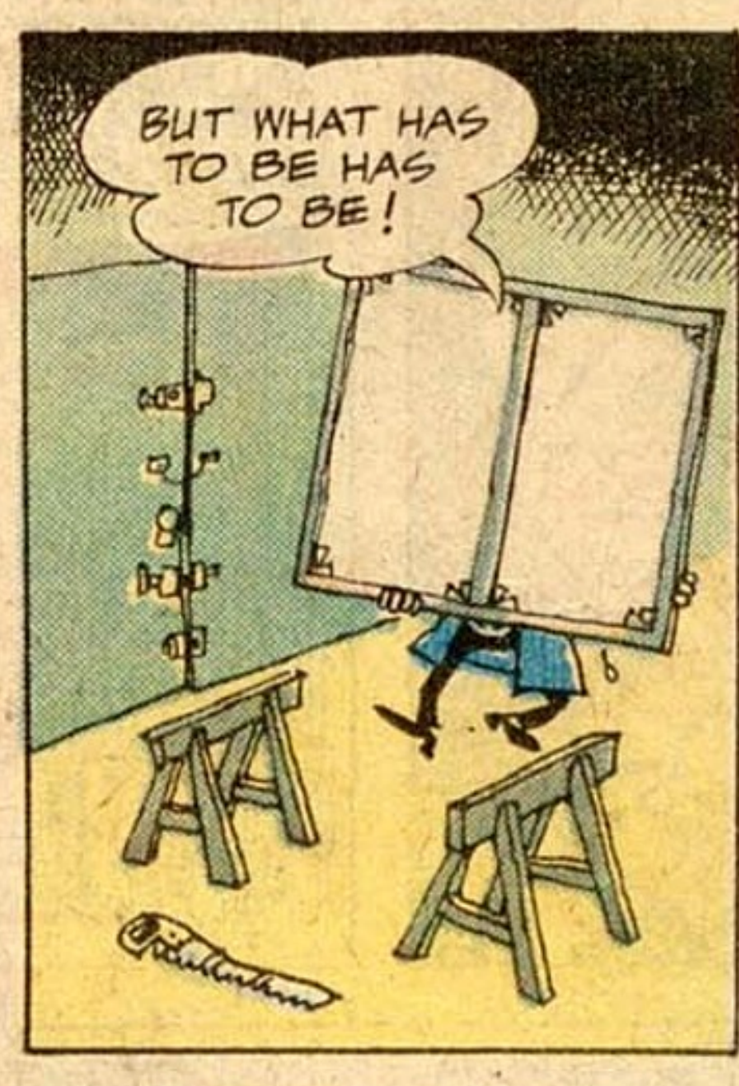
GEE, CRUSADER, YOU AIN'T GONNA BUY WHAT HE SAID, ARE YUH ? THE FANATIC JUST AIN'T THE TYPE OF GUY WHO'D GO STRAIGHT!
WHADDAYA GONNA DO NOW, CRUSADER ? HUNH ?

I'M GOING TO GO HOME AND DO A PAINTING OF MY OWN!
WHA--?

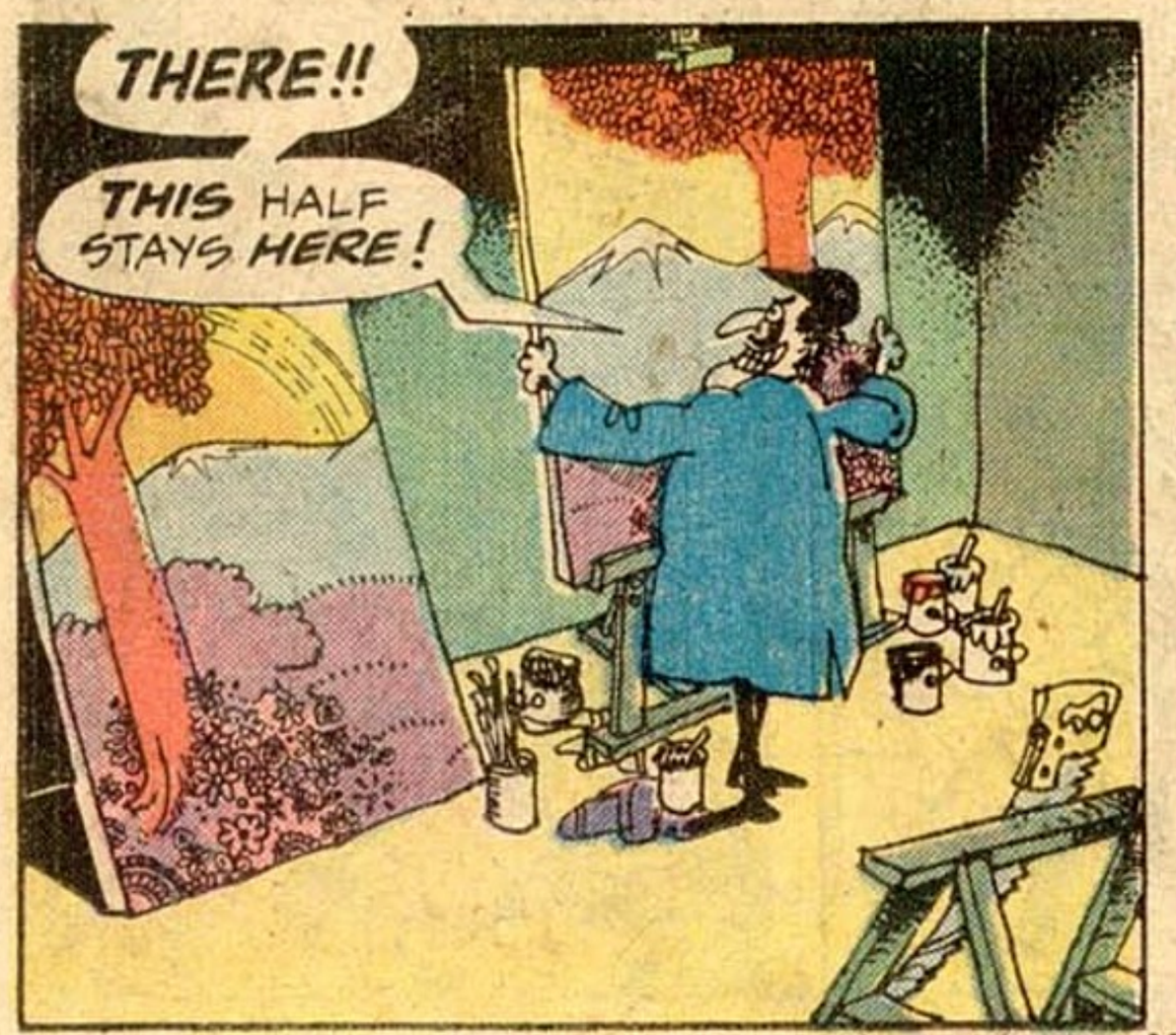

I THINK I'LL START OUT WITH SOME BURNT UMBER!...
GEE, CRUSADER, I JUST DON'T GET IT! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS PAINTING? HUNH? WHY?
SEPT 14

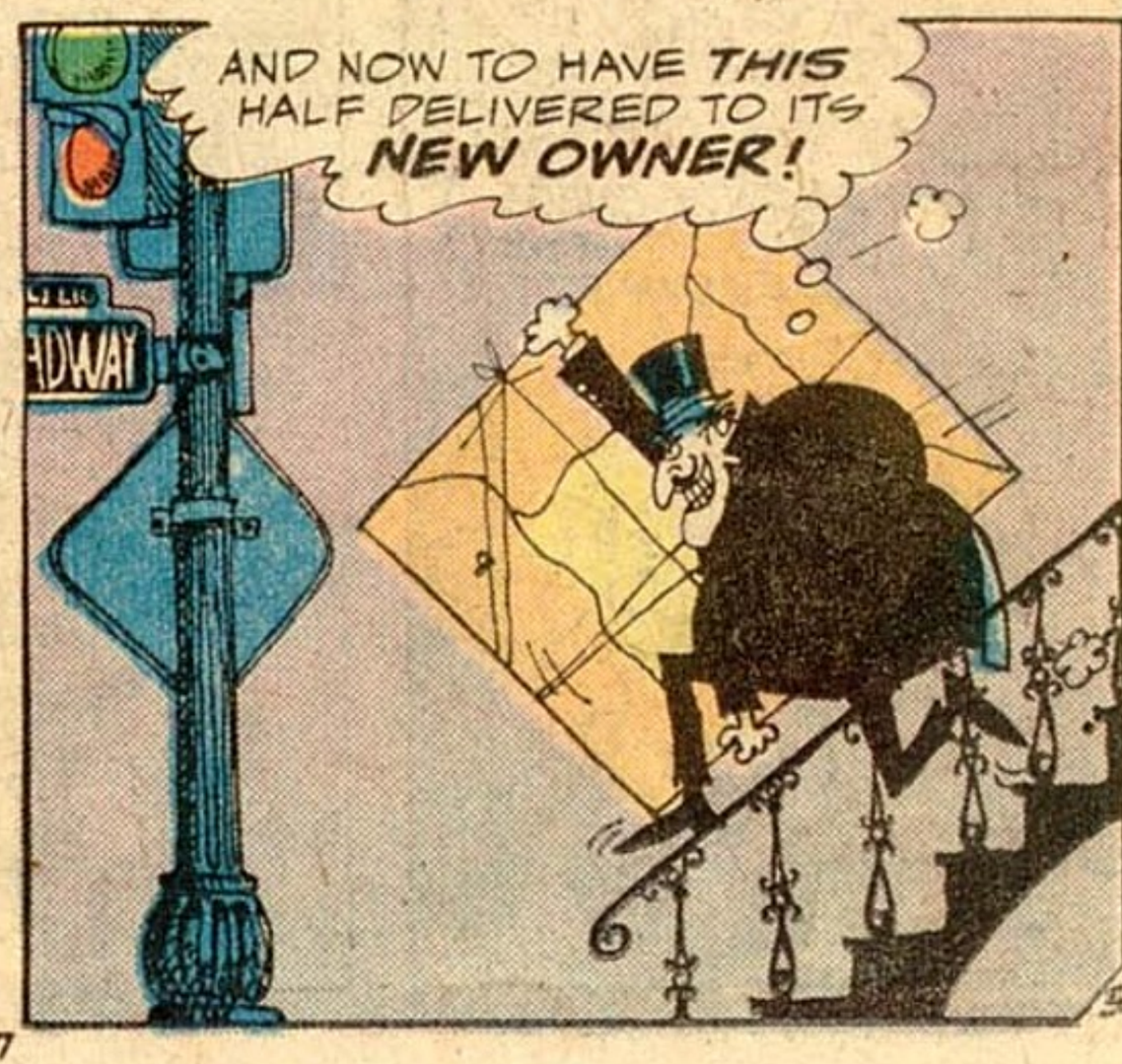
MEANWHILE...
AH...BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!

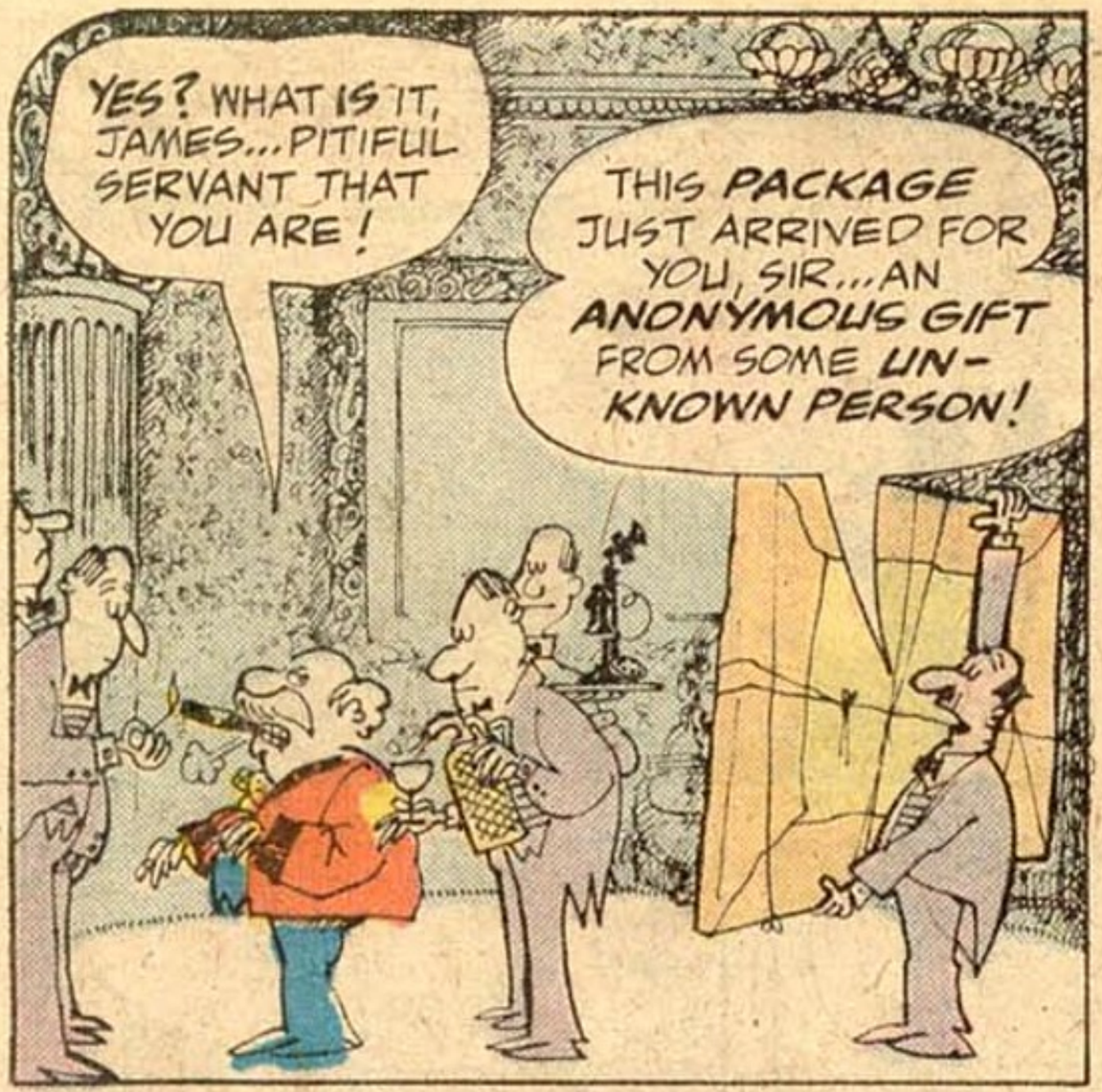
ALMOST HATE TO DO THIS TO SUCH A MAGNIFICENT MASTERPIECE!


BUT WHAT HAS TO BE HAS TO BE!

CHOOGA! CHOOGA!


THERE!!
THIS HALF STAYS HERE!


AND NOW TO HAVE THIS HALF DELIVERED TO ITS NEW OWNER!


YES? WHAT IS IT, JAMES...PITIFUL SERVANT THAT YOU ARE!
THIS PACKAGE JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU, SIR...AN ANONYMOUS GIFT FROM SOME UN-KNOWN PERSON!

HEY, WOW! IT'S A FANTASTICALLY BEAUTIFUL PAINTING!
OBVIOUSLY, SOME UNKNOWN PAINTER MUST HAVE REALIZED THAT ONLY I COULD TRULY APPRECIATE THIS PAINTING!
I SHALL HANG IT UP IN MY ART VAULT IMMEDIATELY!

BUT EVEN AS HE IS HANGING THE PAINTING UP...
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR! MR. FENTON COLE IS HERE TO SEE YOU!
WELL THEN, SHOW HIM IN, YOU FOOL, YOU! SHOW HIM IN!

WELL, CRUSADER, I HOPE YOU HAVE SOME NEWS ABOUT THE FANATIC!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU!
BUT I DO HAVE SOMETHING HERE FOR YOU!

...A PAINTING I PAINTED WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS!
I'D LIKE YOU TO HANG IT UP HERE--WITH ALL YOUR OTHER MASTERPIECES!
YICK!

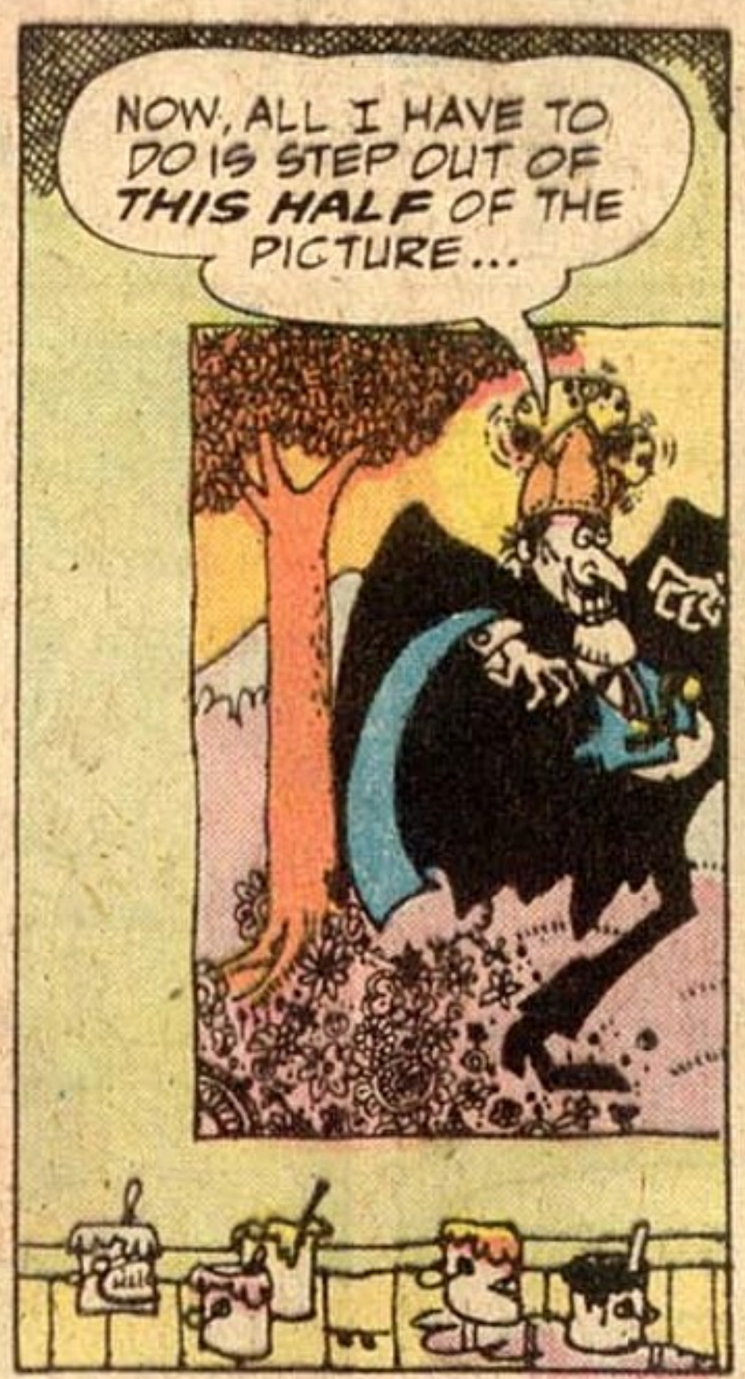
THAT'S THE MOST DISGUSTING PAINTING I'VE EVER SEEN!
I REFUSE TO HANG ANYTHING LIKE THAT UP IN THIS BEAUTIFUL ROOM!
BUT YOU MUST...

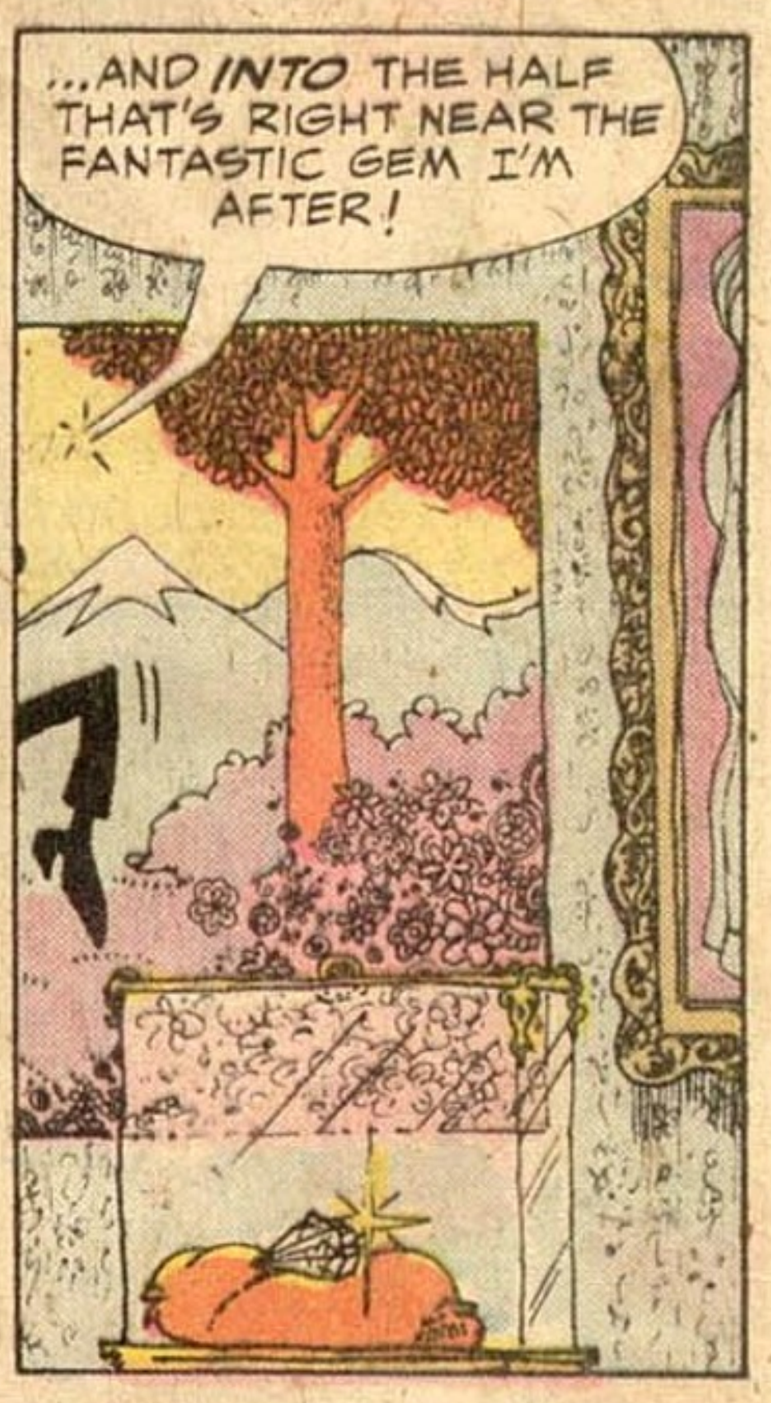
I INSIST! IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
BUT...BUT... BUT...

SHORTLY...
OKAY, SO HE PUT THE PAINTING UP! SO NOW WHAT DO WE DO? HUNH, CRUSADER? WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
NOTHING, RUDY!
OUR JOB IS DONE!

THAT NIGHT...
AH, THE TIME HAS COME... FOR THE GREATEST HEIST OF ALL TIME!
AND ALL THANKS TO THIS FANTASTIC HELMET GIZMO I CREATED!

YES, YES, THE GIZMO WORKS PERFECTLY!
IT ALLOWS ME TO ENTER THE PAINTING, JUST AS THOUGH IT WERE A THREE-DIMENSIONAL THING!


NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STEP OUT OF THIS HALF OF THE PICTURE...


...AND INTO THE HALF THAT'S RIGHT NEAR THE FANTASTIC GEM I'M AFTER!

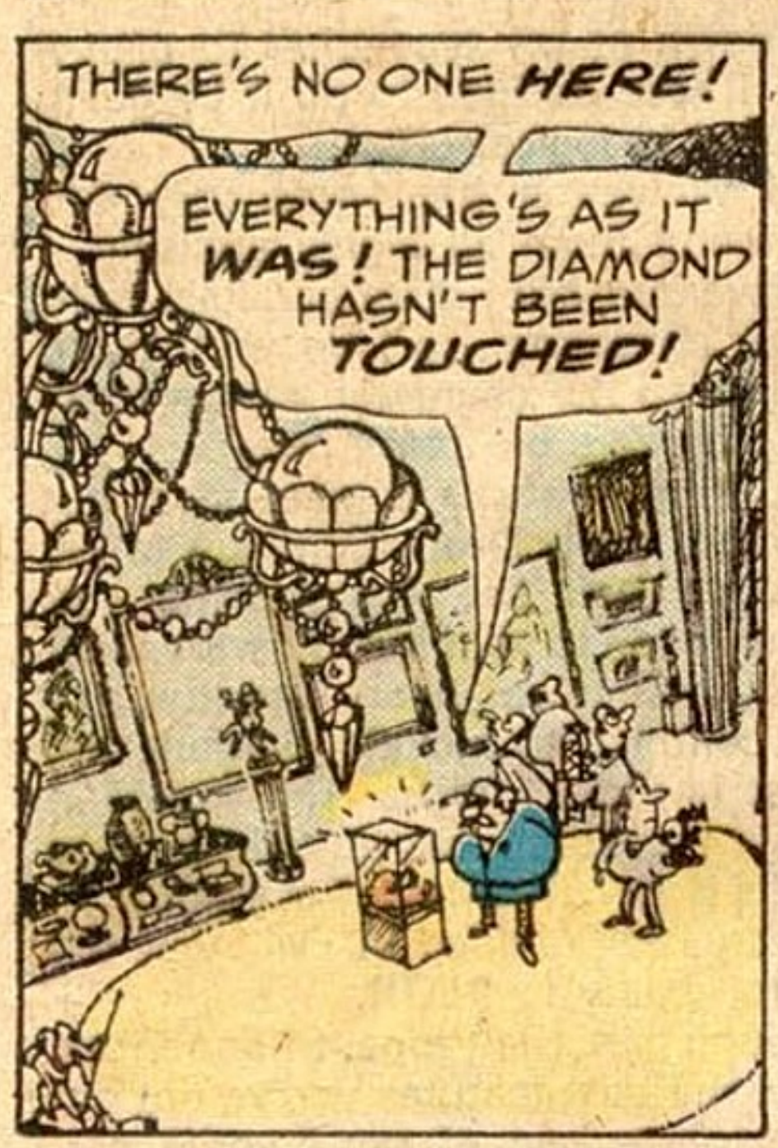
I'LL HAVE GRABBED THE JEWEL AND SCRAMMED BACK THROUGH THE PAINTINGS BEFORE ANYONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED!

HOWEVER, AS HE ADMIRES THE GEM, THE FIENDISH FANATIC IS UNAWARE OF THE HAND REACHING OUT TOWARD HIM...

AND, IN ANOTHER PART OF ELIOT HARLANSON'S SPACIOUS HOME...
HARRGH
WHA--?

CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP!
THAT'S COMING FROM THE ART VAULT!
BUT...WHO COULD--?

HUNH?
CLICK!

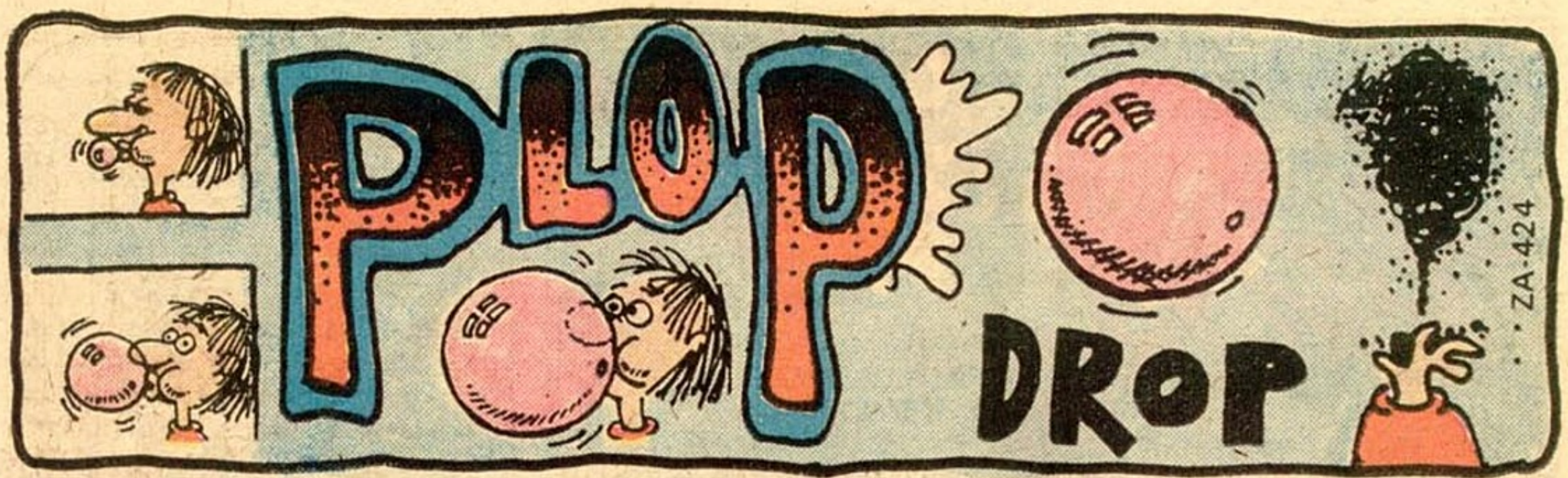

THERE'S NO ONE HERE!
EVERYTHING'S AS IT WAS! THE DIAMOND HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED!

THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD--

BLURP!

?

CRUSADER, IT'S HARLANSON! HE SAYS SOMETHING STRANGE JUST HAPPENED!
YES, I KNOW, I KNOW!
TAKE DOWN WHAT HE SAYS AND FILE IT UNDER UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENA, WILLYA, RUDY?
DETECTIVE DIPLOMA
MAIL ORDER
THE END



And now, most royal hosts, please permit a slight detour from our usual Plop fare to permit our fans to express themselves in print. In other words, on to the letters . . .

. . . . .

Dear Idiots:

On Tuesday big man in funny white coat bring Georgie **PLOP**. Georgie like **PLOP**. Me think it be very funny. Me think it be so funny that me bounce it on padded walls.

Big man read me words, and then Georgie took off shirt and looked at pictures. What an "Easter Bunny?" Me like and want "the Ultimate Freedom". Me like to be free.

Me not like **Plop Drop** section.

Oh oh. Big man coming to take me back. Bye-bye!

George E. Guay III, Peabody, Mass.

See—as soon as you said that you didn't like PLOP DROP you got in trouble!

. . . . .

Dear Plop-ites,

There is only **one** word to describe your new comic: **HILARIOUS!**

You may substitute for the above with: whimsical, zany, amusing, ribtickling, laughable, mirthful, jocose, witty, absurd, crazy, lunatical, entertaining, droll, sidesplitting, comical, eccentric, weird, gleeful, uproarious, delightful, enjoyable, titillating, zestful, novel, unique, outrageous, disgusting, pleasing, strange, unprecedented, lampooning, jolly, humorous, and funny.

Mike Fasman, Auburndale, Mass.

We were going to answer your letter, but you took the words right out of our mouths.

. . . . .

Dear Sirs,

As I live in England it is very hard to find a shop which sells **PLOP!** I wish I hadn't.

Jeffrey Shaw, Leicester, England

. . . . .

Dear Plopeteers,

The main idea of **PLOP** is plop-aganda. Of this I am plop-itively sure. It tries to tell people that good humor and good jokes are not funny, and that bad humor and bad jokes are funny. You plop-ably think this is working.

You're right—look how fast it sells.

Linas Sabalys, Leval, P.Q., Canada

. . . . .

Dear Gang,

I just got your last issue and I think your magazine is really picking up speed, but then most things do when they are going downhill.

Keep it rolling!

Chris Hansman, Fort Dodge, Iowa

At least we keep the magazine moving—your letter came to a deadly dull stop.

. . . . .

Dear Ploppers:

I am sitting down at my typewriter to plan a letter to **PLOP!** I have decided to do it by going over your magazine in logical order:

Covers: Basil Wolverton has some very odd friends. I have found them all highly amusing. I don't have any favorites, but I most certainly want them to continue appearing . . . I do wish you'd have given a name to the character who was on number 3. Those borders are really crazy.

The Table of Plop-Tents is a great idea, but remember to include **Plop Drop**. Continue to list the particular issue's staff. I'm also glad that you finally gave proper credit to your major cartoonists.

The introductions have been greatly enjoyable—please continue to include Gregory and occasional "What is Plop?" pages. The stories in #5: "The Ultimate Freedom" was rib-tickling from start to finish. "His Honor The Mayor" seemed a little bit out of place, but "Molded In Evil" was the best story ever to appear in **PLOP**.

Now for the tough part, the **Plops**. **Prison Plops** have to be one of the best features you've got going. Robert Johnson is one of my favorite cartoonists. **Prescription Plops** are all right, **Gourmet Plops** have been good, but **Monster Plops** have been a disappointment so far. **Historical Plops** are almost as good as **Prison Plops**, but **Super Plops** are my absolute favorites.

A parting suggestion: use Gregory more—he could have hosted "Molded In Evil," for instance.

Ronald Cullen, Address Unknown

But if we use Gregory more, we'd have to appear less! Unless—ulp—that was what you had in mind!

. . . . .

Hi,

I'm working on a project, gang, so could the three of you send me your vital statistics? I'd really appreciate it.

Amy Smith, Memphis, Tenn.

Cain's six feet tall, 180 pounds, with pale green blood pumped through his veins at very low pressure. Abel's about five feet, eight inches tall, and weighs more than he'd care to talk about.

And Eve won't mention any of her dimensions—she claims that when you get to be a thousand years old that kind of data doesn't matter anymore.

. . . . .

Dear Plop,

I wanted to write you up in my diary, but I don't have one.

I wanted to tell my parents about you, but they would probably kick me out of the house.

I wanted to clue my friends into you, but they probably wouldn't believe me.

So I'm just going to wait until next issue and have all that **PLOP** to myself.

Al Bloom, Maitland, Florida

. . . . .

Dear Gang,

We, the Great DC Club, are going to kidnap our favorites, Steve Skeates and Sergio Aragones. And we'll pay you $100 to take them back!

Clint Thomas, President
The Great DC Club,
Oak Hill, West Virginia

You promise? With that kind of money we can pay their salaries for at least a year and have enough left to buy Orlando a new cigar!

. . . . .

Dear Cain, Abel, and Eve,

At the end of your letter column for **PLOP #5** you said a comic which gives you three stories, an introduction, a closing, a double-page lettercolumn, ten pages of gags, a table of contents, a cover, and a back-cover deserved a letter of comment. You're absolutely right. So here it is, your full-fledged, guaranteed not to **PLOP**

LETTER OF COMMENT!

David Fink, Concord, California

. . . . .

Dear People and Others:

There were many interesting—and even funny—things in **PLOP #5**. That Easter Bunny idea was good, almost as good as last issue's Monster Convention. As expected, the Aragones art was up to his usual outrageous standards, including the work on "The Ultimate Freedom." "His Honor The Mayor" was a little less impressive. But you didn't have to call "Molded In Evil" a Berni Wrightson masterpiece. Anything drawn by Wrightson is by definition a masterpiece. The assorted Plops were better than usual, especially those by the incredibly deft Murphy Anderson.

Besides all this, the letter column was of very high quality—with one exception. My letter. When I re-read that missive, I had to wonder how I came to write it in the first place. The thing was no good! I can't remember why I ever mailed it, but it was probably for the same reason I'm mailing this one.

Paul Emrath, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

You don't have to tell us that it was awful—that's why we used it! Do you think it's easy finding trash to fill up this section? Why we even have to tell all you readers our address (National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019), and remind you of our title (PLOP DROP) and even BEG you to write us!

PUT A LITTLE PLOP IN YOUR LIFE!

GET A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

900038

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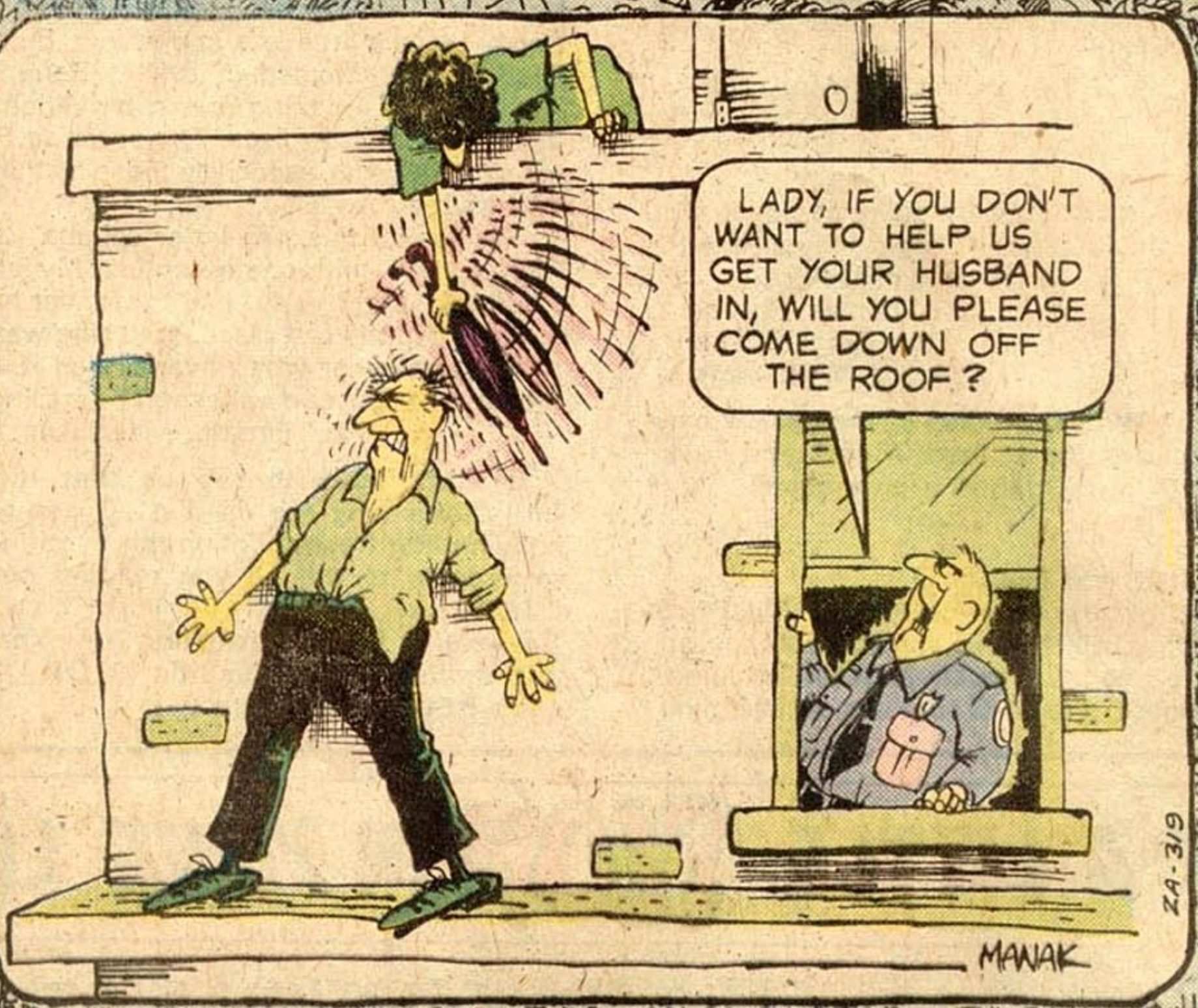
ADDRESS .....

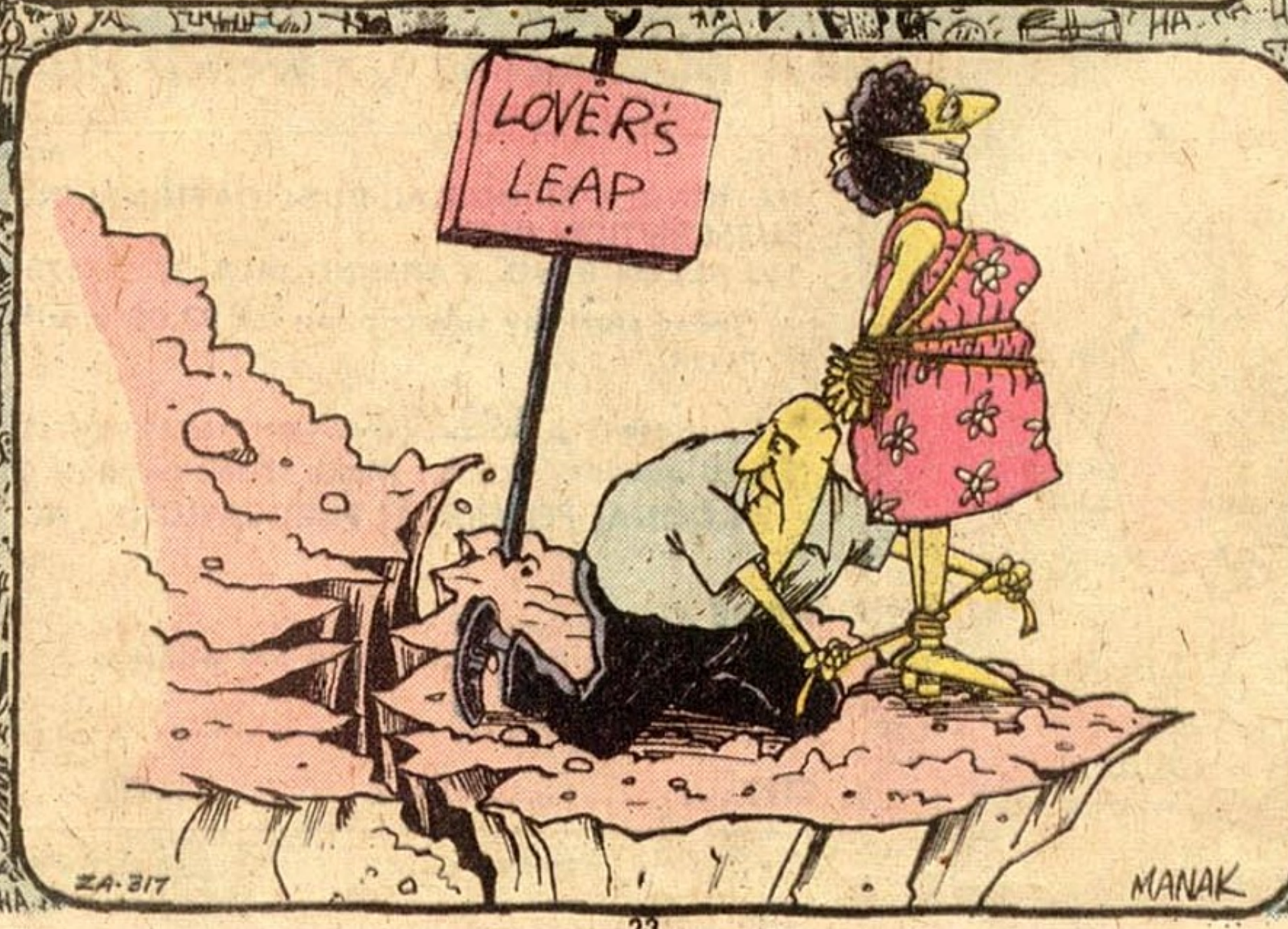
CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP .....

ALLOW 10 WEEKS FOR FIRST DELIVERY!

TO MAKE SURE YOU GET A JUMP OUT OF PLOP, HERE'S A COUPLE OF LEAPING...

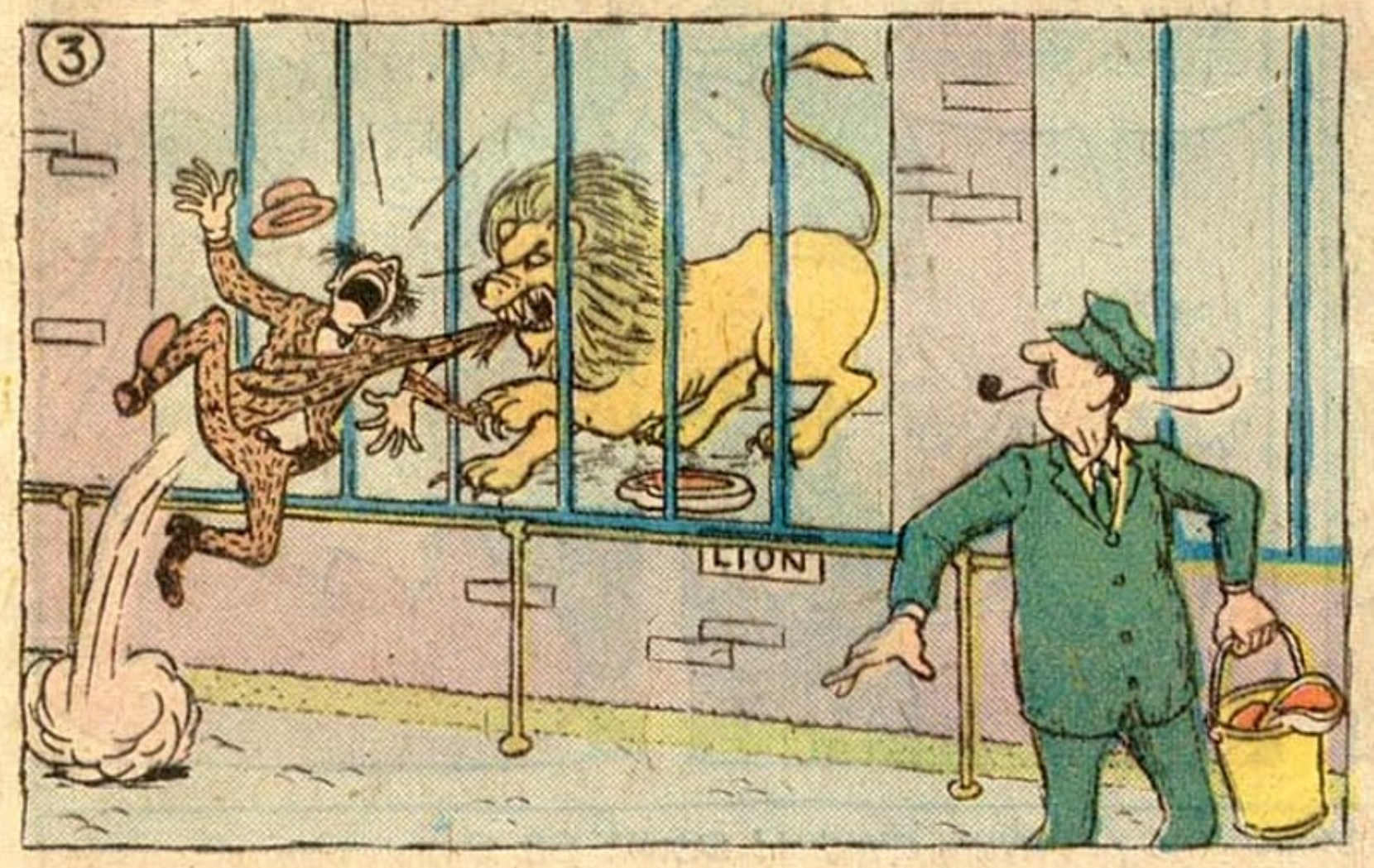
PEOPLE PLOPS

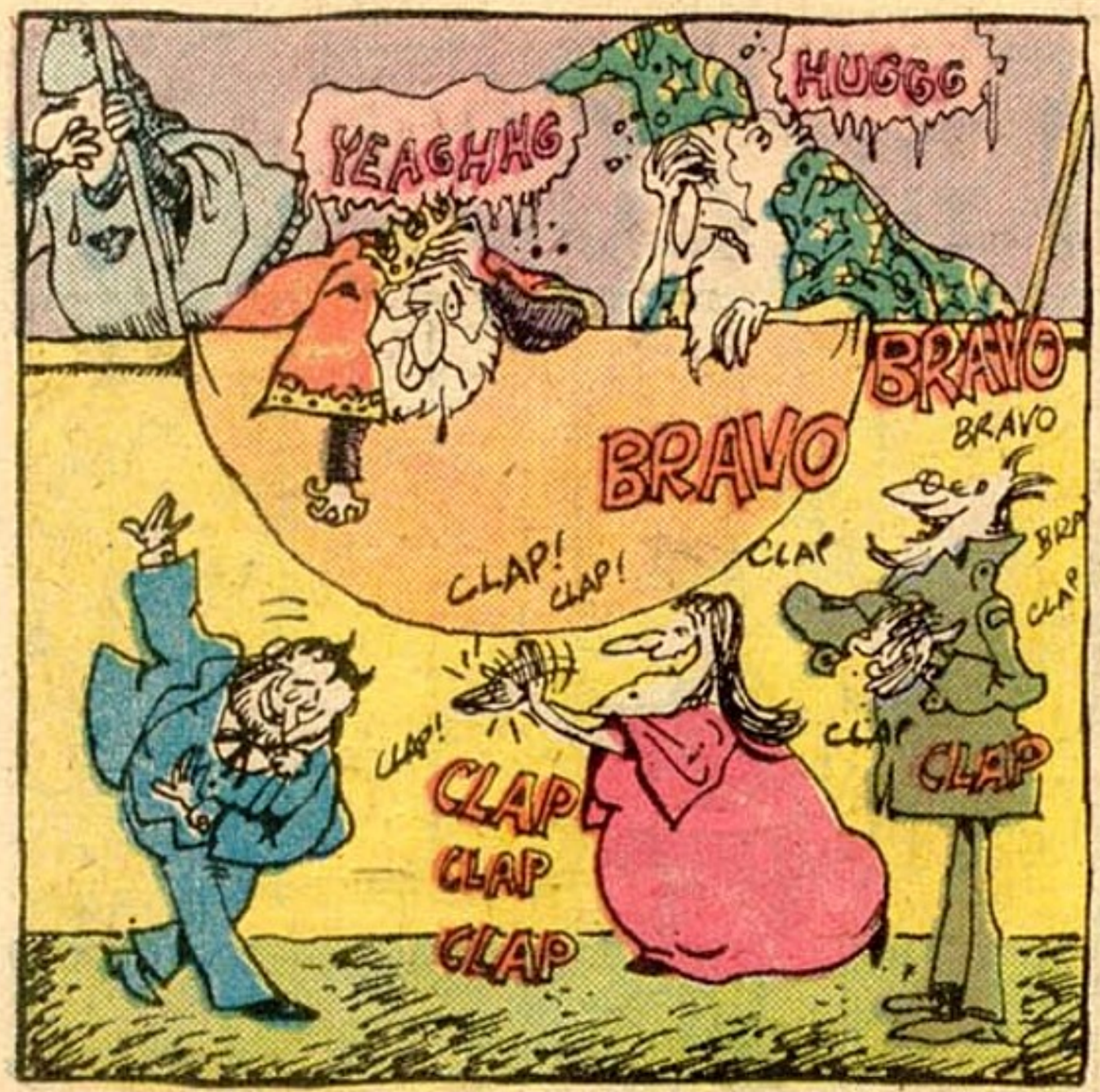




AND NOW FOR MY CONCLUDING COMEDY, A VERY SPECIAL...

AFTERNOON AT THE ZOO!



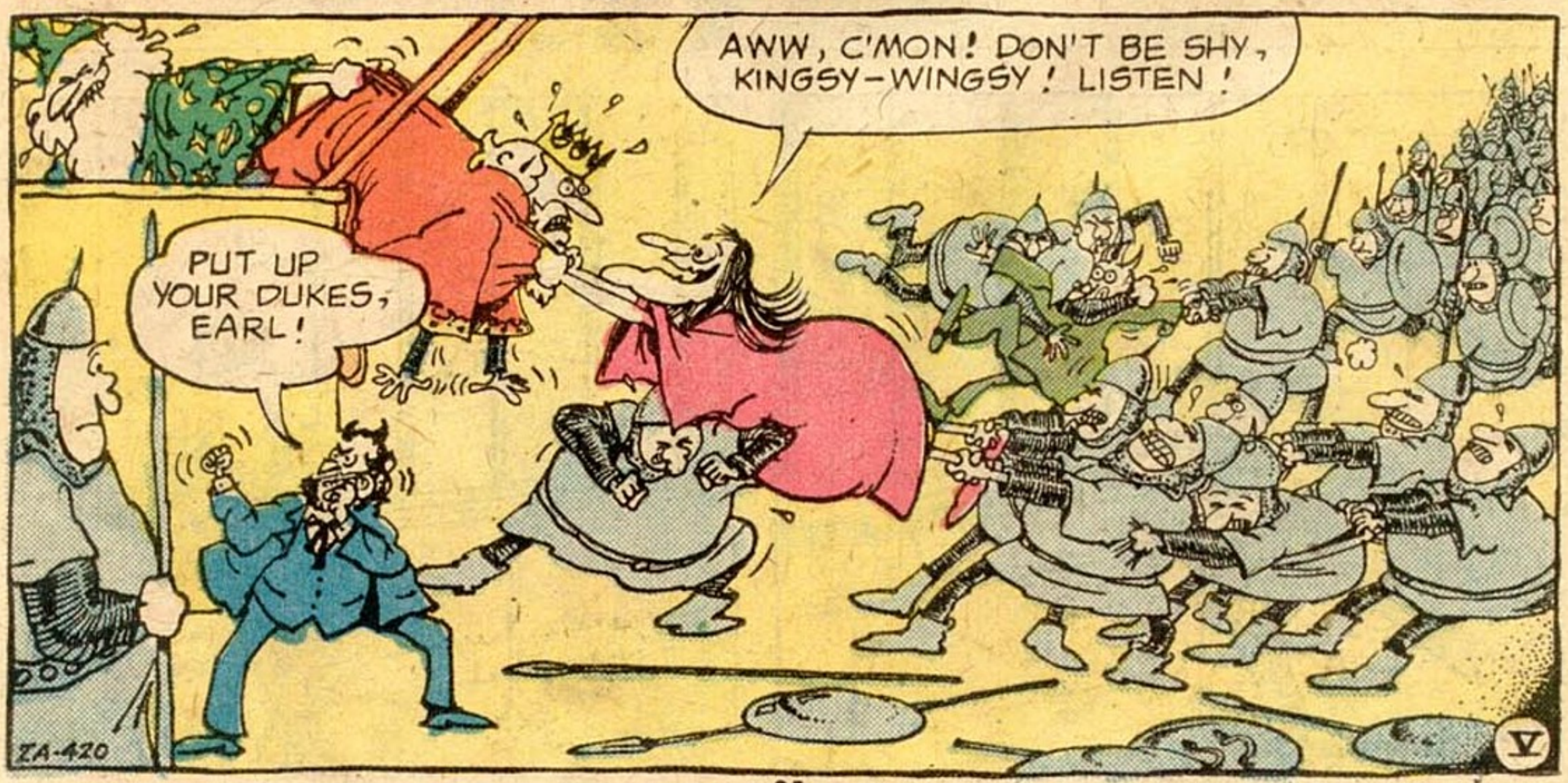

YEAGHHG
HUGGG
BRAVO
BRAVO
BRAVO
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

C'MON, EVE! IT'S YOUR TURN NOW!
AW, GEE, FELLAS...
THEY'RE SPEECHLESS! WE'VE GOT THEM EATING OUT OF OUR HANDS!

WELL, IF YOU INSIST, I SUPPOSE I COULD TELL ONE LITTLE STORY AND A JOKE OR TWO, AND...

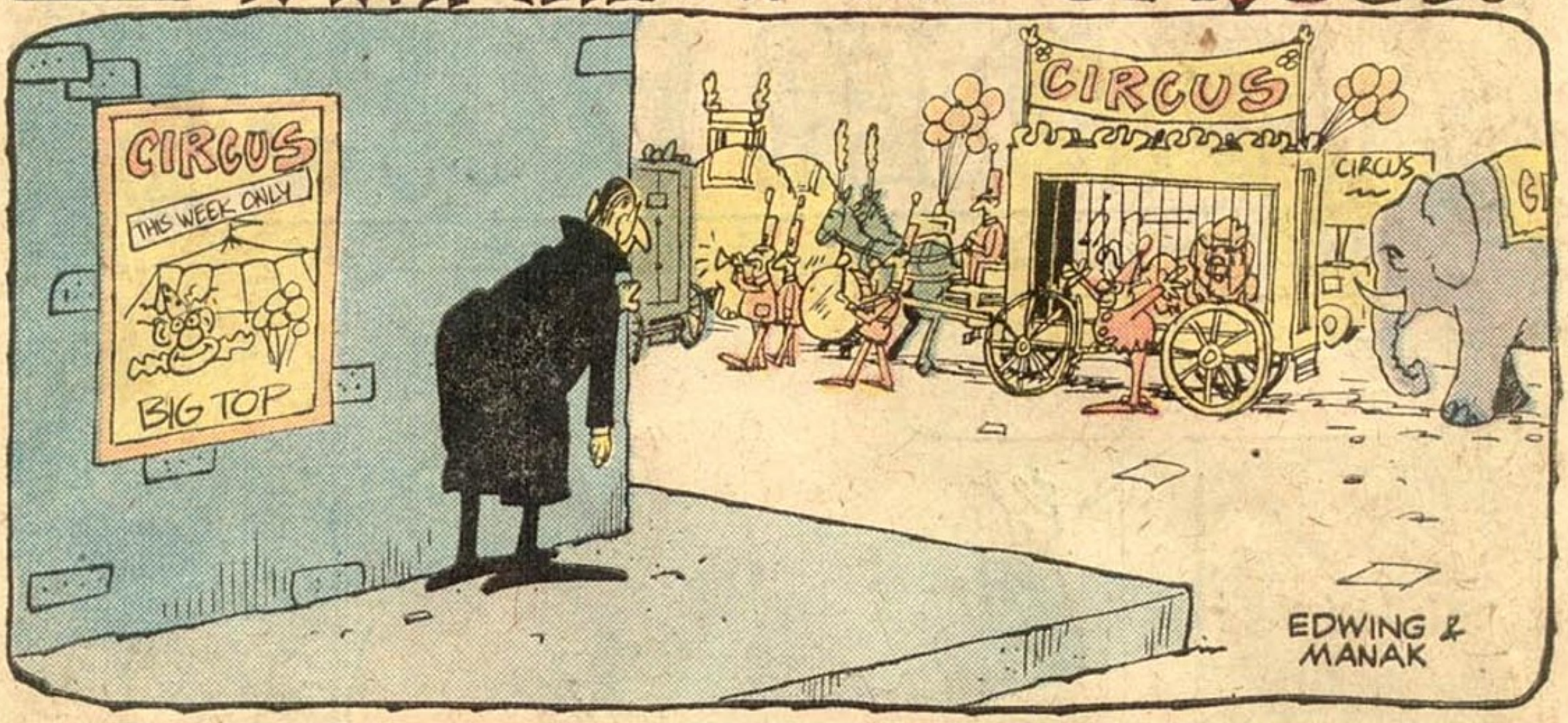
I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND! I HAVEN'T UNDERSTOODEST ANY OF THEIR STUPID STORIES!

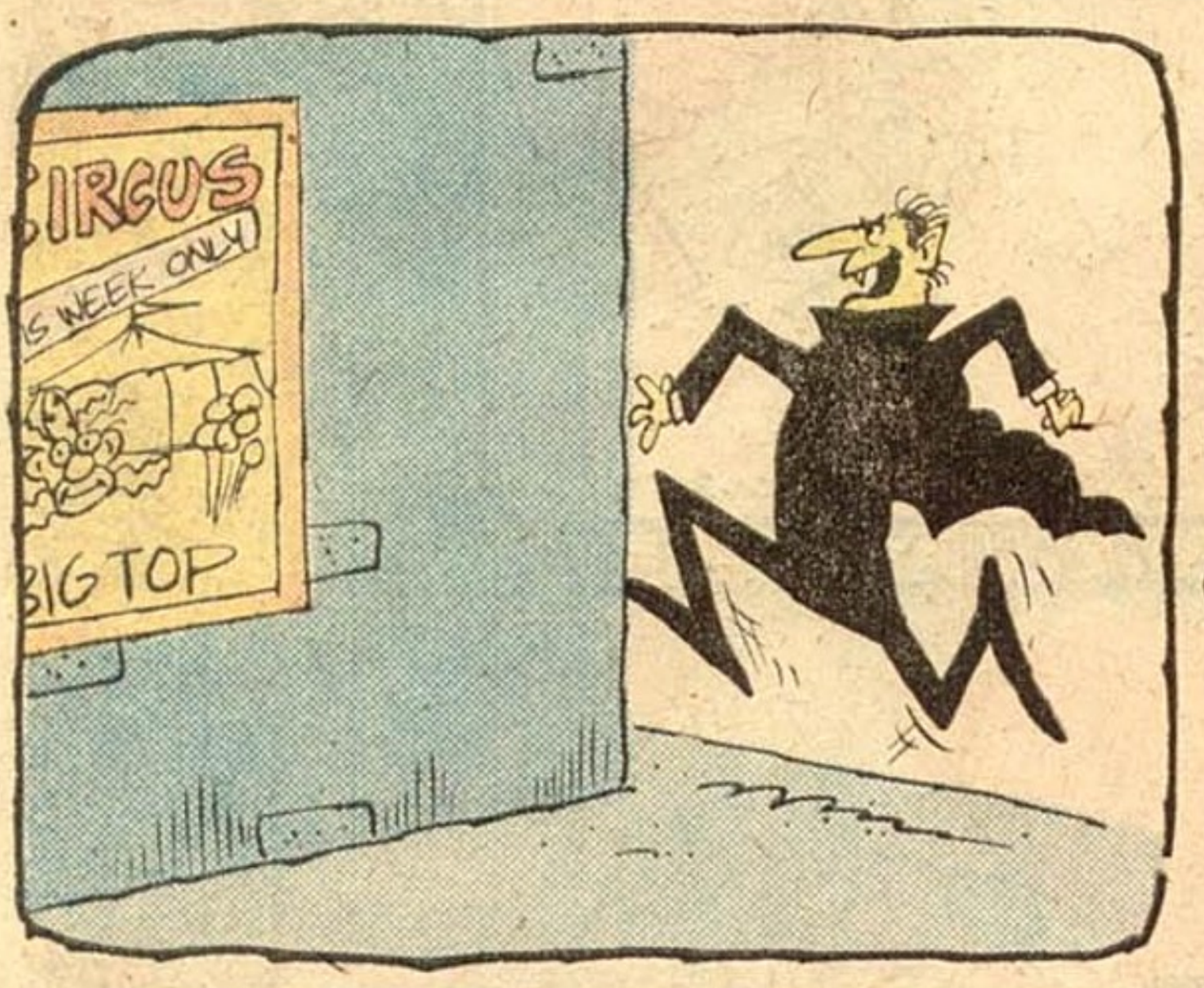
PLEASE! TAKEST THEM AWAY! GET-EST THEM OUTTA HERE -- PLEASE... NOT ANOTHER STORY!

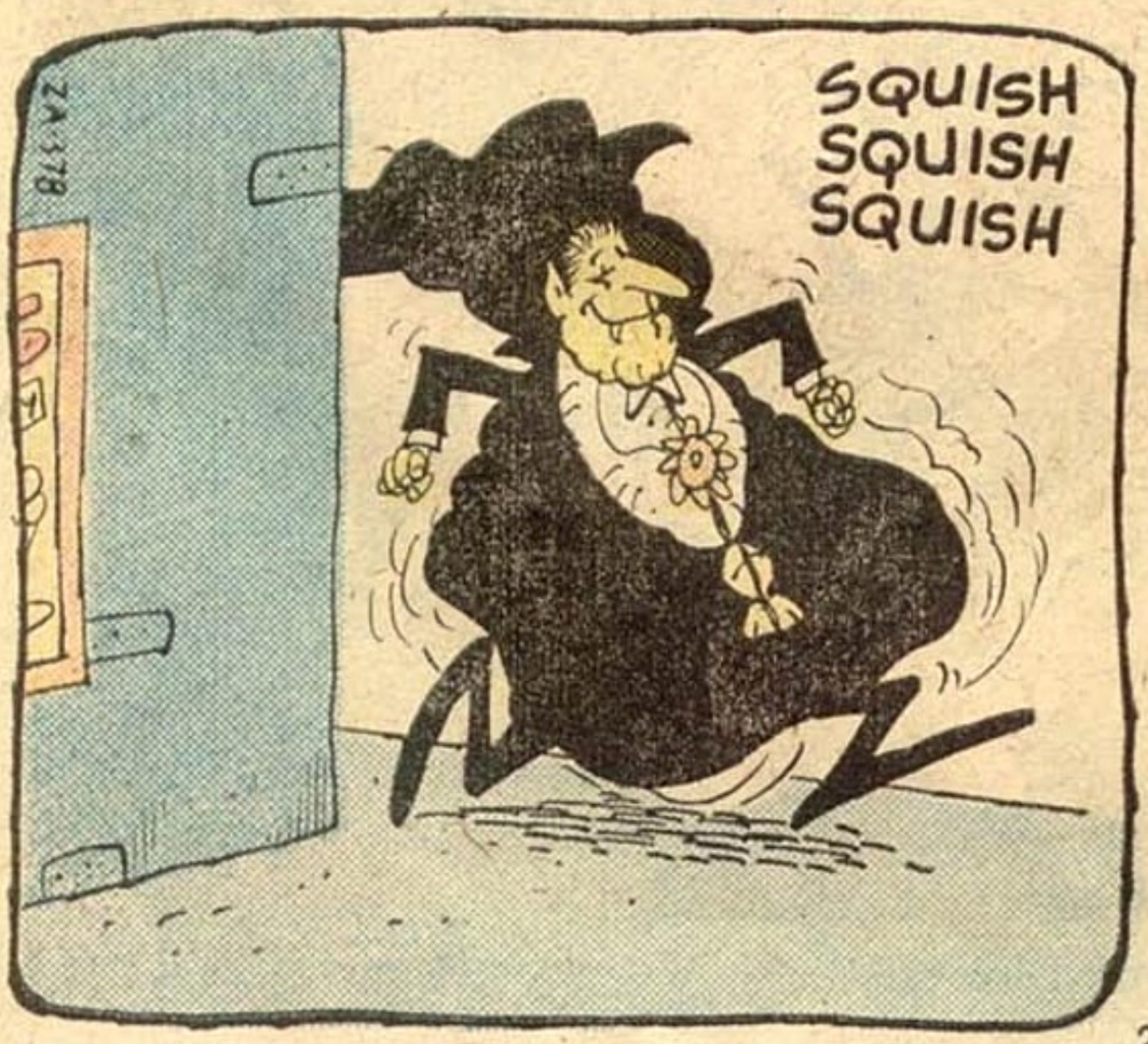

AWW, C'MON! DON'T BE SHY, KINGSY-WINGSY! LISTEN!
PUT UP YOUR DUKES, EARL!
ZA-420
V

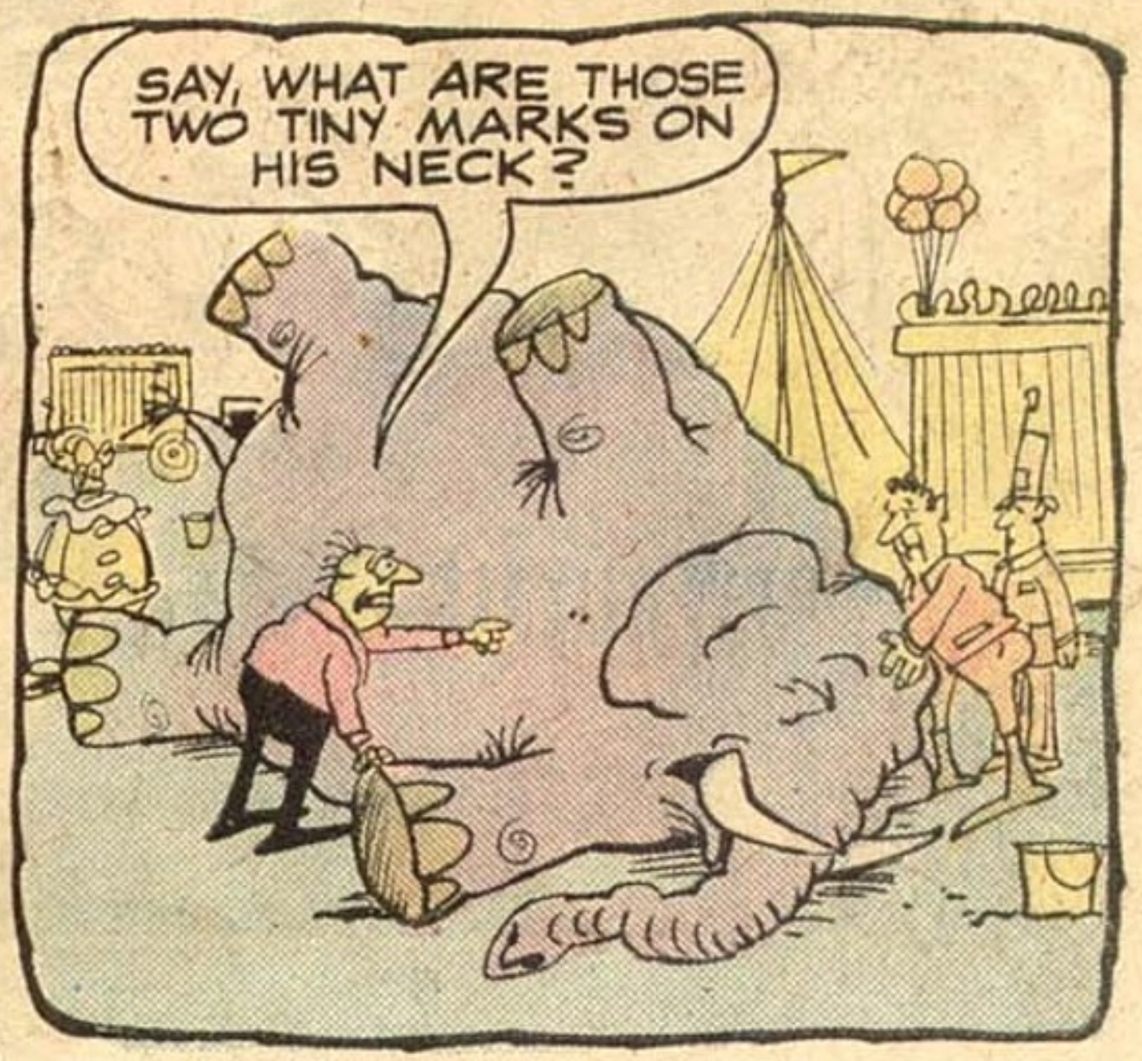
TO BEGIN MY PERFORMANCE, HONORED GUESTS, A CIRCUS STORY-- ABOUT THE DAY THEY HAD A...

VAMPIRE AT THE CIRCUS!



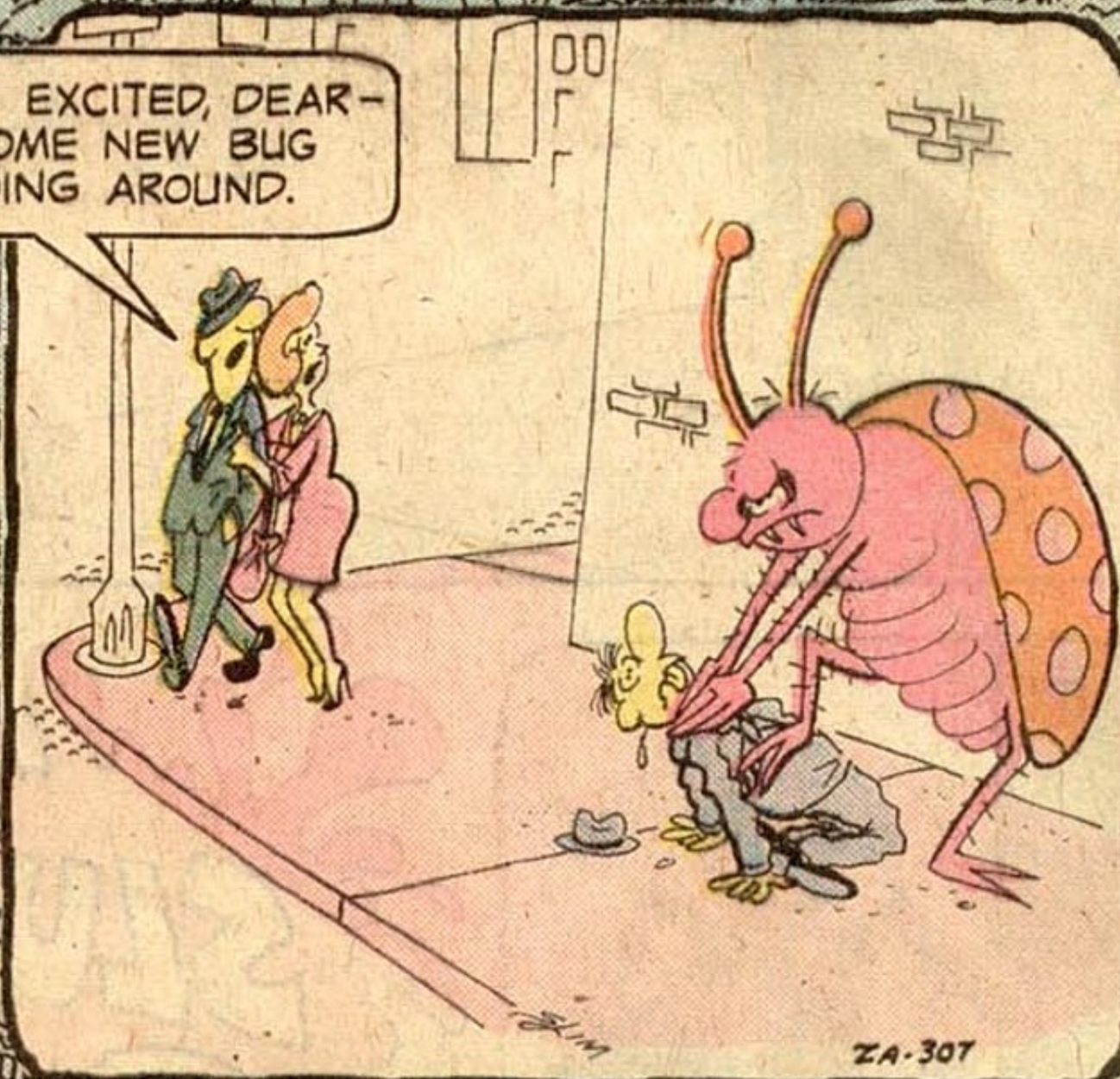






ONE VAMPIRE NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU? ALRIGHT, TRY SOME...

MONSTER PLOPS

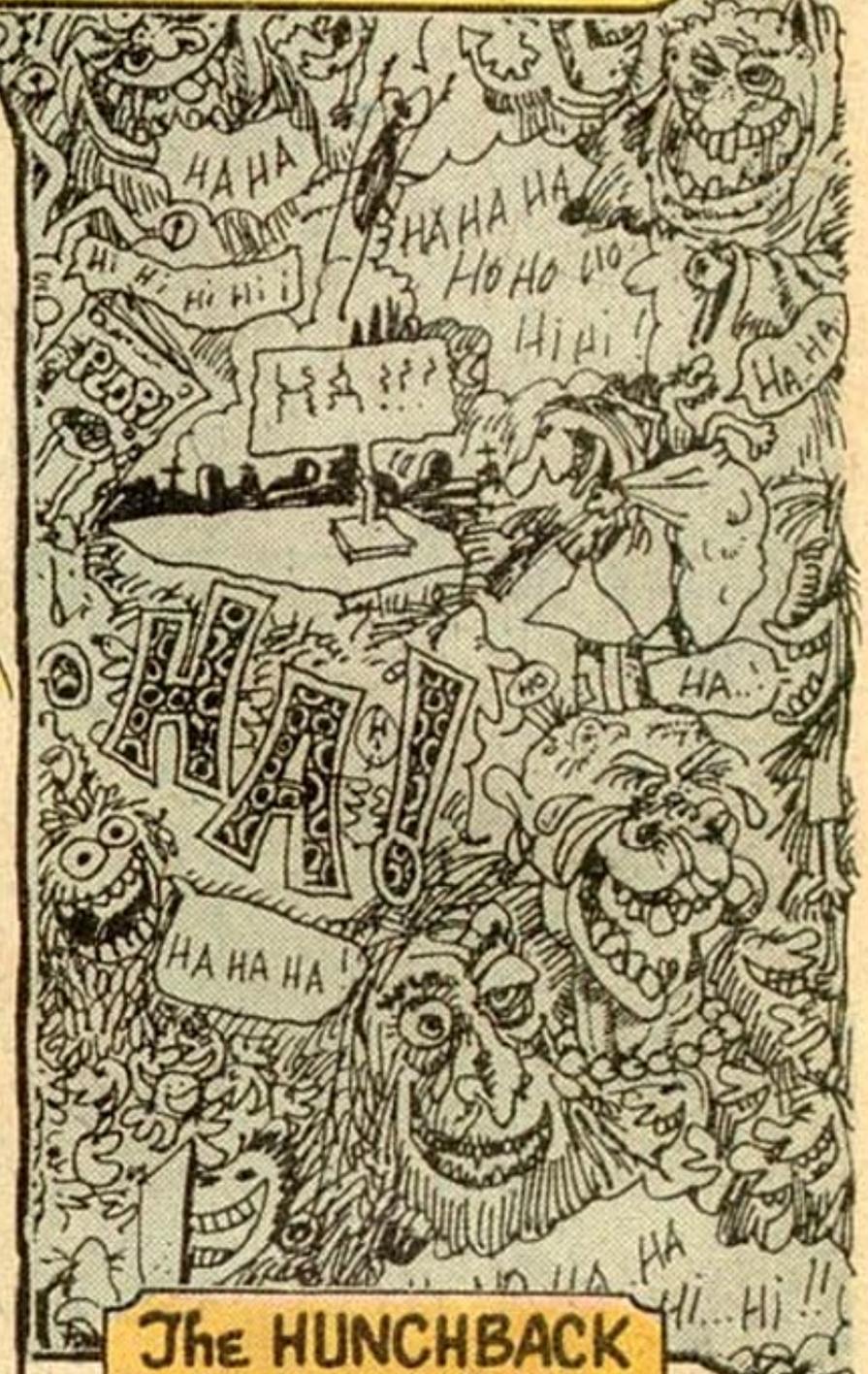


ZA-44
RATHER UNUSUAL LAST REQUEST, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
YEAGH!
MAYBE THE MEDICINE DID MAKE YOUR HAIR GROW UNUSUALLY LONG, BUT YOU MUST ADMIT – IT DID CURE YOU OF BITING YOUR NAILS...!
KEVIN WOODCOCK
ZA-26

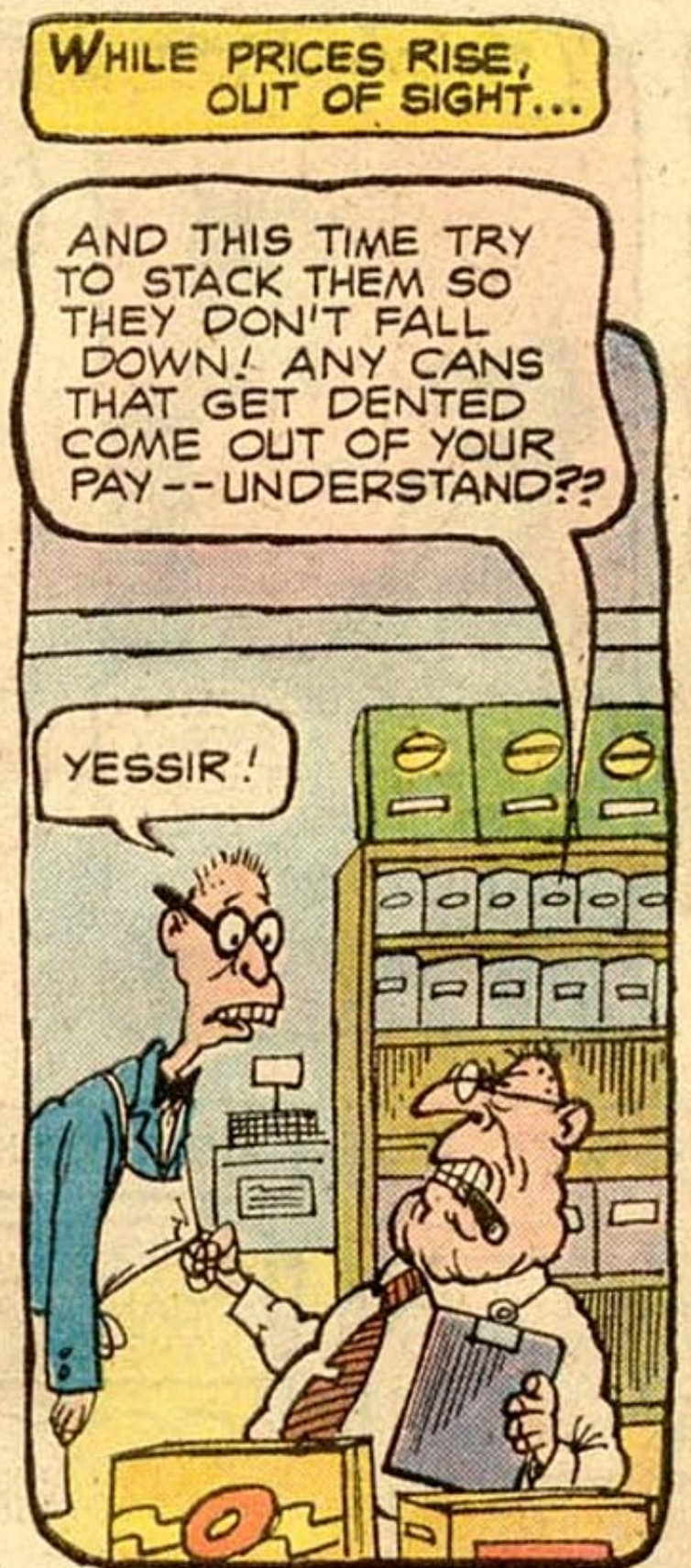
AND NOW TO GIVE YOU A TRUE PERSPECTIVE BEHIND THE SCENES OF HISTORY I GIVE YOU...

HISTORICAL PLOPS

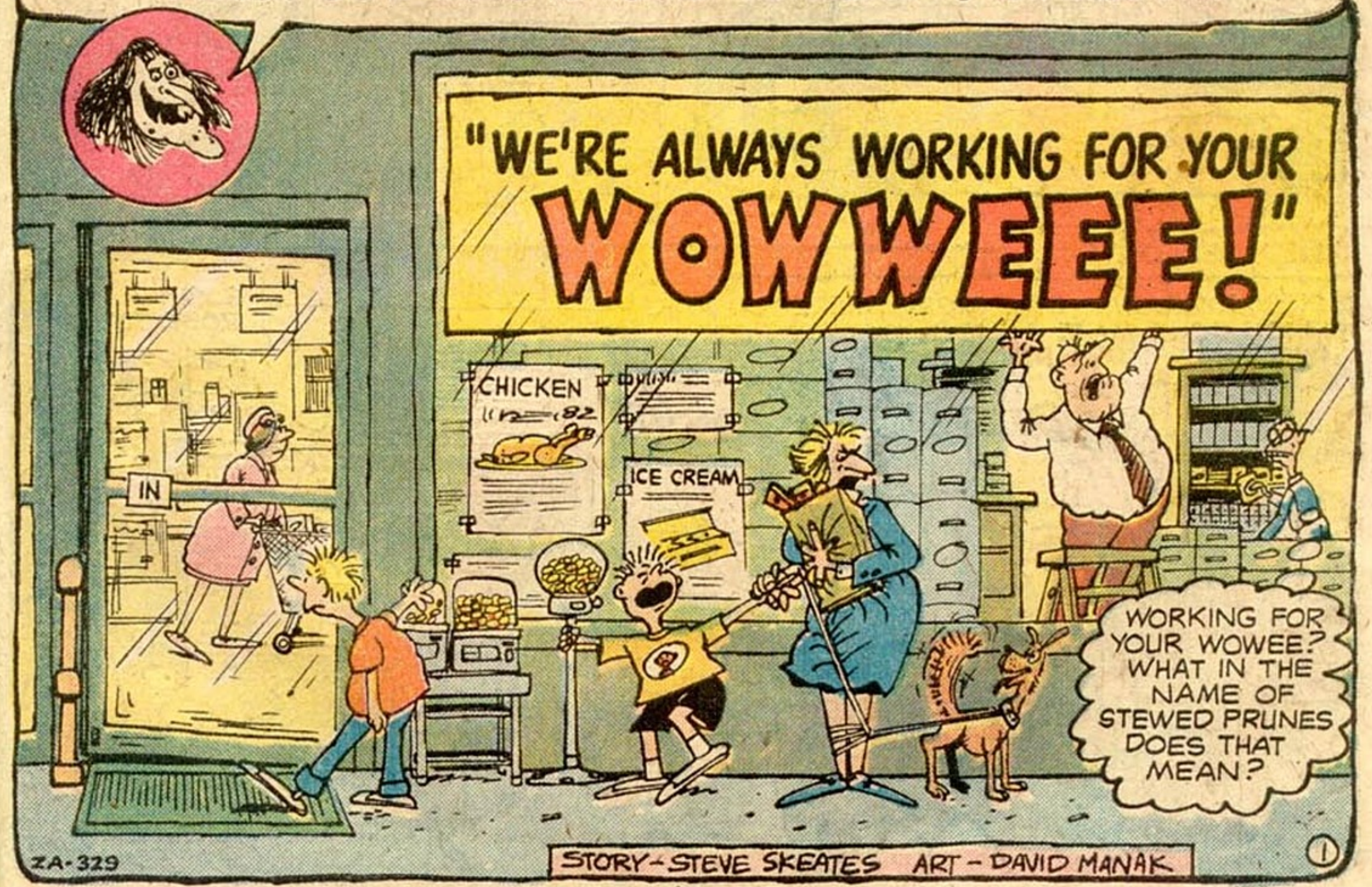
The WILD WEST



The HUNCHBACK of NOTRE DAME



KLARK KLERK CERTAINLY HAD HIS PROBLEMS. IN FACT, AS FAR AS HE WAS CONCERNED, THINGS COULDN'T GET WORSE. BUT HE WAS WRONG. THEY GOT WORSE ONCE THE GROCERY STORE WHERE HE WORKED DEVELOPED ITS NEW SLOGAN...



SO, AGAIN AND AGAIN KLARK KLERK TRIED TO UPHOLD THE STORE'S NEW SLOGAN...

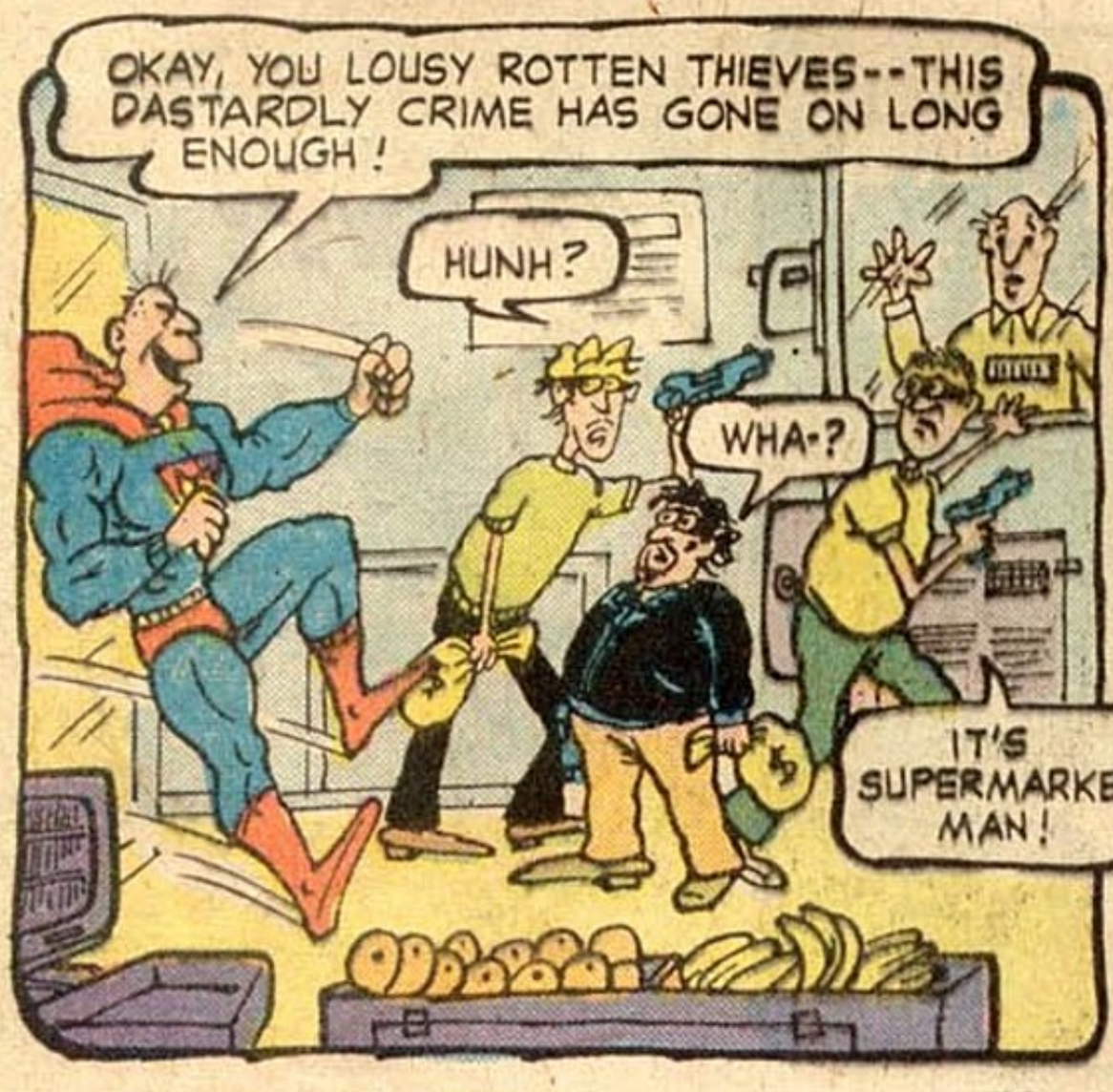
...BUT IT JUST NEVER SEEMED TO WORK!

BUT THEN, ONE DAY...

FIRST, I'LL SLIP UNNOTICED INTO THIS STORAGE ROOM WHERE WE STORE ALL THE OVERRIPENED CHEESES!

THEN I'LL GAG! TAKE MY JACKET OFF WHEEZE, MY SHIRT KOF-KOF!, MY PANTS, MY LONG UNDER-WEAR...
WOWWEE! DOES IT SMELL IN HERE!
NO WHEEZE! WAIT CHOKE A MINUTE! I CAN'T TAKE OFF MY LONG UNDERWEAR! THAT'S MY KOF CRIME-FIGHTING SUIT!

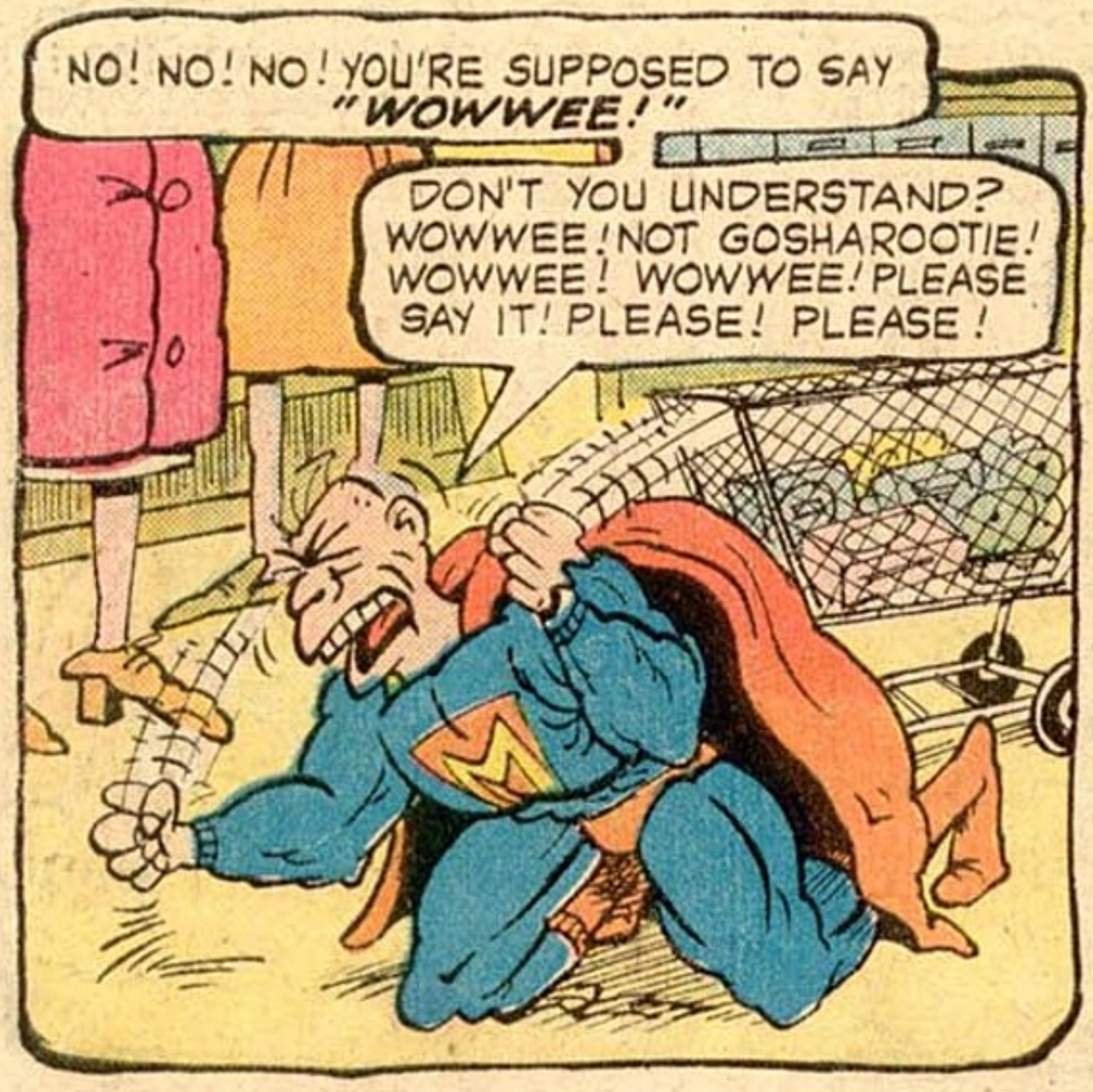
AND FINALLY KOF-KOF-KOF! KOF-CHOKE-WHEEZE I STAND REVEALED AS THAT GREAT SUPERMARKET SUPER-HERO...
SUPERMARKET MAN!


OKAY, YOU LOUSY ROTTEN THIEVES--THIS DASTARDLY CRIME HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH!
HUNH?
WHA-?
IT'S SUPERMARKET MAN!

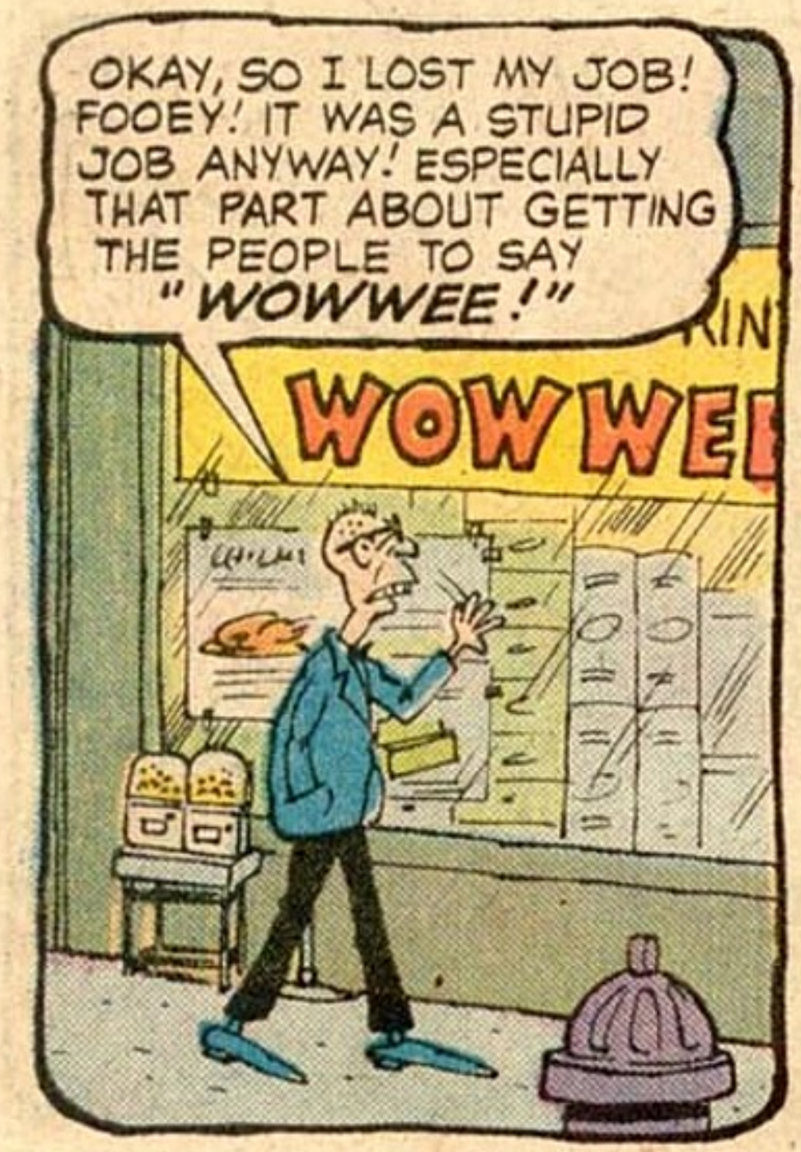
POW
BAM
ZETZ

LOOK! I'VE KNOCKED THE THIEVES UNCONSCIOUS! I'VE SAVED THE DAY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY ABOUT THAT, CUSTOMERS? HUNH? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

HOO-RAY!
WHOOPEE!
HUBBA-HUBBA!
GOSHAROOTE!
WHOOPEE... HOO-RAY... HUBBA-HUBBA GOSHAROOTIE...?
3

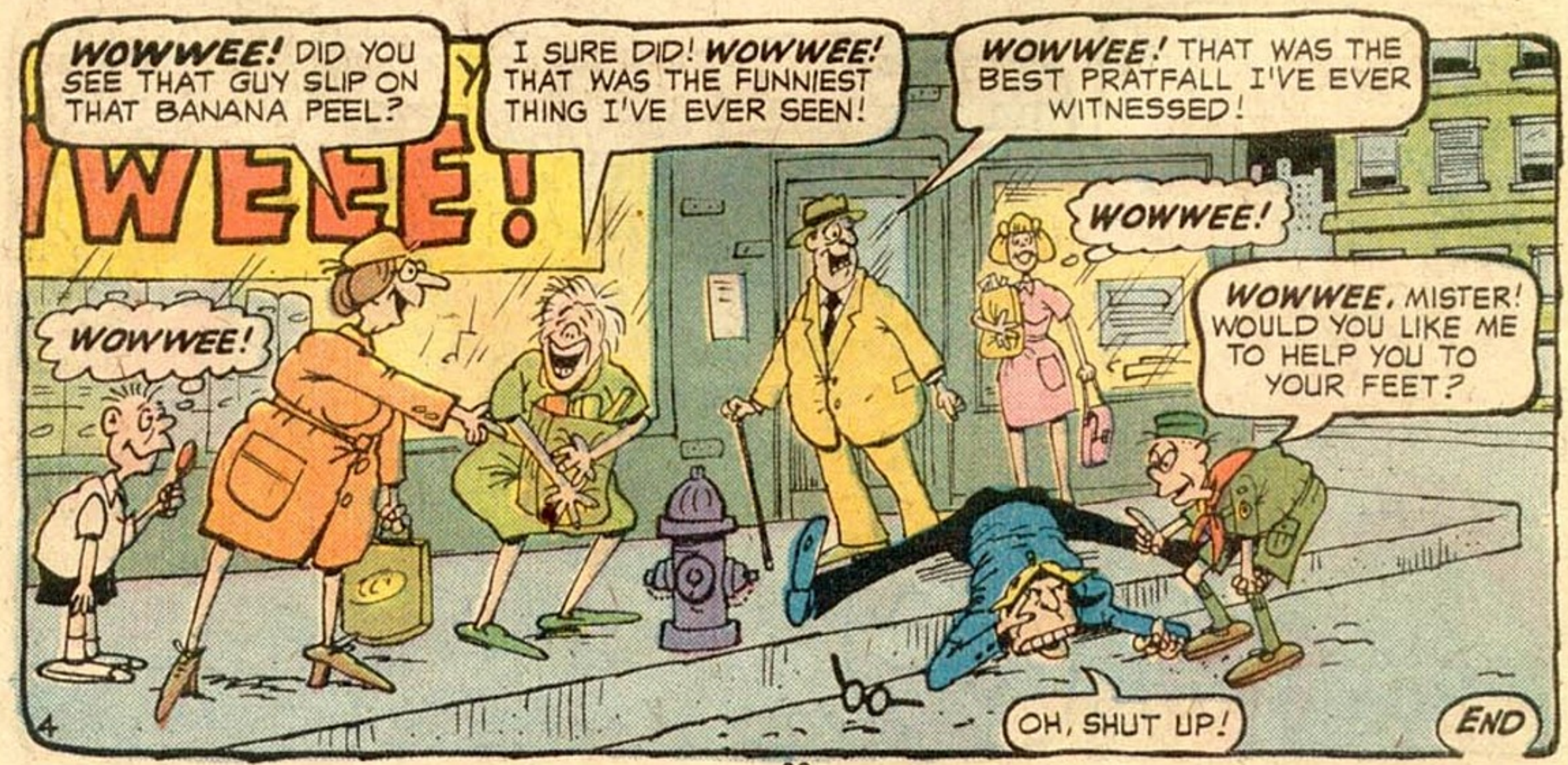

NO! NO! NO! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY "WOWWEE!"
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WOWWEE! NOT GOSHAROOTIE! WOWWEE! WOWWEE! PLEASE SAY IT! PLEASE! PLEASE!

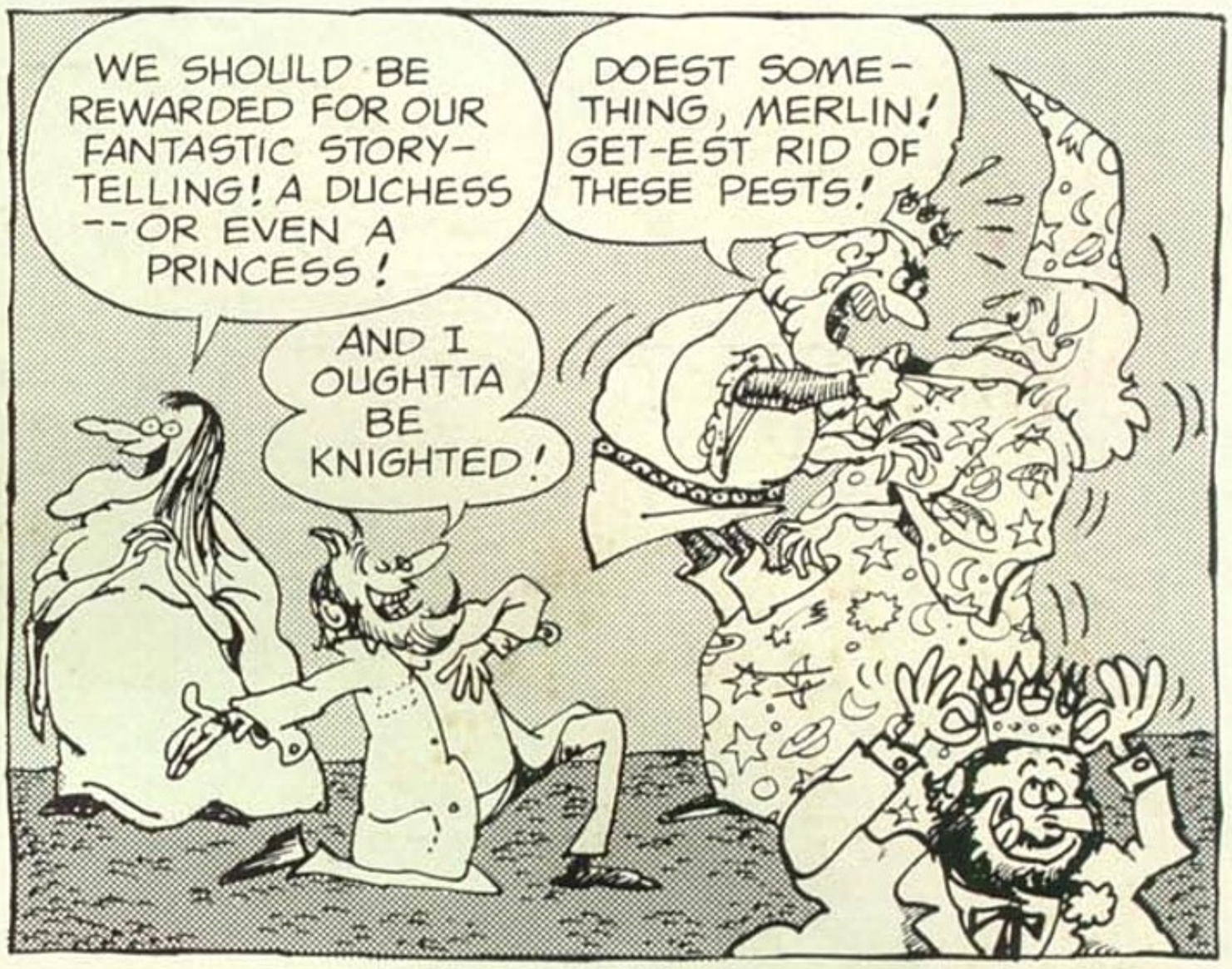
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RUNNING AROUND THIS STORE IN YOUR UNDERWEAR? AND YOU SMELL LIKE SPOILED CHEESE! YOU'RE FIRED! YOU IDIOT!
IT'S EMBARRASSING GETTING FIRED IN FRONT OF THE WOMAN I SECRETLY LOVE!


OKAY, SO I LOST MY JOB! FOOEY! IT WAS A STUPID JOB ANYWAY! ESPECIALLY THAT PART ABOUT GETTING THE PEOPLE TO SAY "WOWWEE!"
WOWWEE

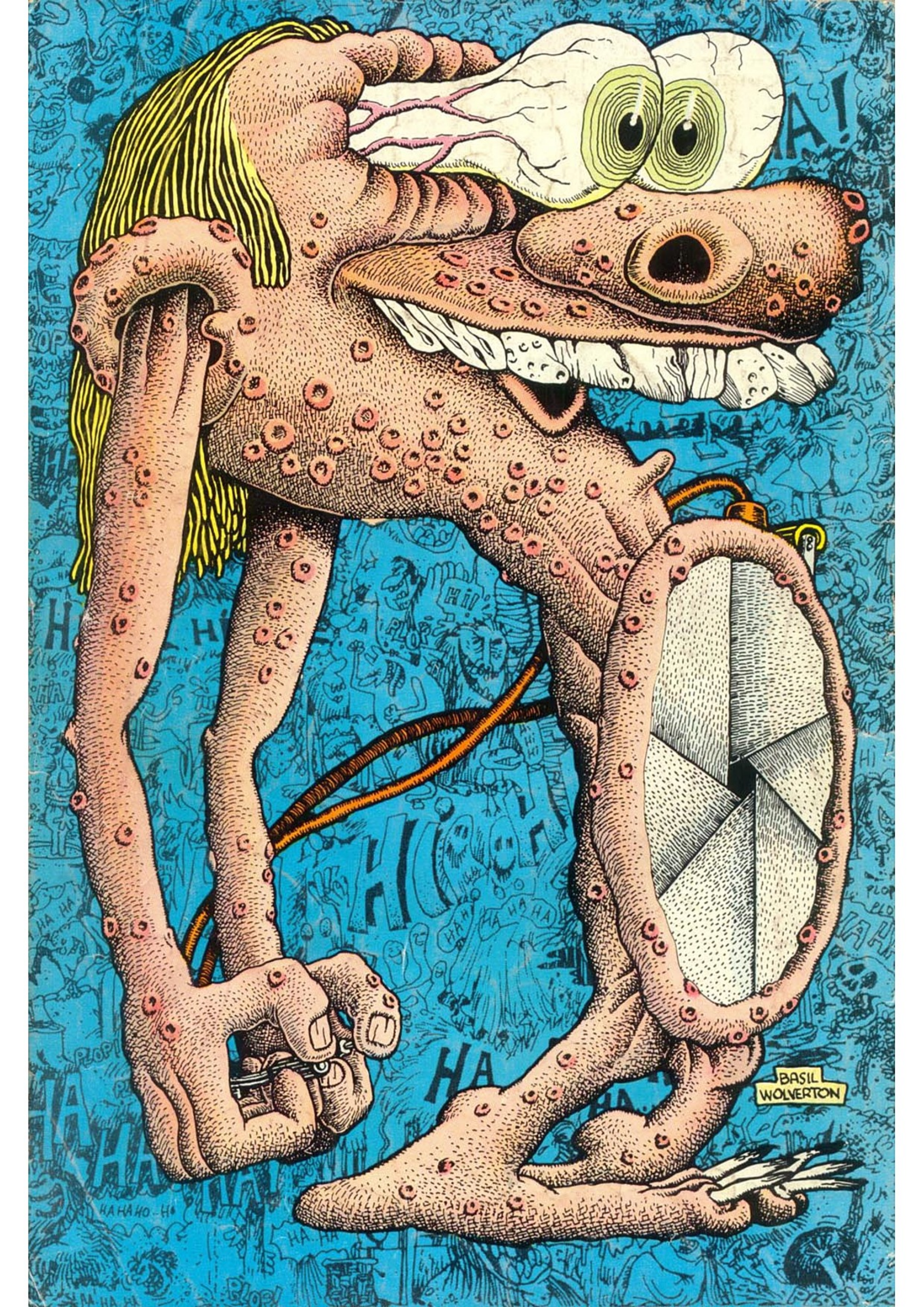
PEOPLE IN THE REAL WORLD SIMPLY DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE "WOWWEE!" IT'S--

YOWP!


WOWWEE! DID YOU SEE THAT GUY SLIP ON THAT BANANA PEEL?
I SURE DID! WOWWEE! THAT WAS THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN!
WOWWEE! THAT WAS THE BEST PRATFALL I'VE EVER WITNESSED!
WOWWEE!
WOWWEE!
WOWWEE, MISTER! WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO HELP YOU TO YOUR FEET?
OH, SHUT UP!
END



NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE THIRD WEEK IN OCTOBER


BASIL WOLVERTON